

The

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The Only Paper that Dares to Tell You All The Truth

What the National Government has done

THE "National" Government's trumpeter is dead! — it has issued vainglorious films and posters applauding its own achievements to the skies—to say nothing of a strange picture paper called the "Popular Pictorial." Is some misguided "National" enthusiast paying the piper? (Of course, with an eye on the honours list).

The National Government claims that all is for the best in the best of all possible Britains ruled by the best of all possible Governments, because—

(I) Sir Malcolm Campbell broke the world's speed record on land with a speed of 272 miles per hour.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Mr. Stanley Baldwin and the rest of them had as much to do with Sir Malcolm Campbell's record as they had with the eclipse of the sun.

(II) Our Air Force won the Schneider Trophy outright.

That was won in September, 1931 before the formation of the National Government, because Lady Houston paid the expenses.

(III) Lord Clydesdale and his fellow airmen flew over Mount Everest and looked down on the highest mountain in the world—

Because Lady Houston financed this brave adventure.

Much is said about unemployment. Yet there are 429,000 more people in receipt of poor relief than in 1931, and in two years the number of permanently unemployed men has increased by 61,000.

Our Foreign policy has been a tale of cowardice, hesitation and folly. The chances of war have been multiplied by a sentimentalism which bleats of peace and disarmament and leaves the world in doubt as to our sanity. Our friends have ceased to rely on us and we have deliberately chosen an isolation which only overwhelming strength could justify.

Worst of all, before the whole world we declare the inadequacy of our defences.

Our Army estimates and our Air estimates are lower than the estimates introduced by the Socialist Government in 1930.

Our Navy estimates are lower than the estimates introduced by the Conservative Government in 1925. Our Navy is below strength in material and personnel—the Admiralty own it.

The Air Force is below strength—the Air Ministry own it. But Lady Houston's offer of support is rejected and, instead, we are fobbed off with Mr. Baldwin's promise of another Conference.

The Indian record of this Government could scarcely be worse. It has surpassed even the Socialists in its eagerness to abandon its sacred duty and to undo the great work that Englishmen accomplished for the good of the Empire and of the Indians.

Foreign imports are already up this year by 34 millions. How much longer can this Government continue to masquerade as defenders of our Commerce?

Four millions for Austria, nothing for National development at home, only legislation to prevent individual initiative.

Muddle and indecision have made the confusion of our Betting and Licensing laws more confounded.

Socialists and Communists are given a free hand. Anti-Socialists are treated as blackguards.

The National Government has neither policy nor principles, and without principles a country cannot live. The existence of our country depends on the destruction of this monstrosity.

Notes of the Week

Another Kite ?

There has been a tremendous lot of talk during the last week concerning the imminence of a new Government programme for Air re-armament. The story goes that we are to have 50 new squadrons of planes and the experts have been arguing whether it means 500 or 600 new machines. This is all a little premature since, at the time of writing, not a word has been uttered officially by Mr. Baldwin, although Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has been safely got away to Canada. We have had so much promise on the part of Mr. Baldwin and so little performance that we shall only believe steps are actually being taken when we hear it officially. And that date seems to belong to a very remote period epoch in the future.

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A Lesson for Norway

The Government have decided to despatch a naval vessel to the fishing coasts off Norway as a protection to British trawlers who have been brutally seized and heavily fined by the Norwegian authorities although in all cases they claim to have been well outside the statutory three-mile limit. Diplomatic representations to Oslo have proved unsatisfactory, or, in other words the Norwegians have shown their truculence. It does not seem to meet the situation sufficiently merely to send a destroyer or gun-boat to watch the events of tomorrow, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Anthony Eden will collect evidence respecting the losses sustained by our fishermen in the legitimate pursuit of their trade and put in a substantial claim for compensation for illegal seizure. The best way to teach the Norwegians a lesson is through their pockets.

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The Hush-Hush Committee

Was ever an important Committee more unfortunate both in its inception and in its presentment to the public than the present Joint Select Committee considering the question of a constitution for India? Here was a matter that clearly required the best brains Parliament could muster. Yet because it was obviously the National Government's intention to pack the Committee with people likely to endorse the National Government's policy and because it was understood that membership of the Committee precluded any outside discussion of Indian Affairs while they were "*sub judice*" or, in other words, still being deliberated upon by the Committee, several M.P.'s declined to serve on it, thus depriving the Committee of much valuable inside opinion.

Then came the unfortunate business of the Manchester Chamber evidence, and though the Privileges Committee managed to acquit Sir

Samuel Hoare of all blame for any alteration of that evidence, the Report of that Committee can hardly be said to have raised the Joint Select Committee's prestige. It was not a judicial body, we were told; it was composed of people whose opinions on India were known. After this back-handed compliment to the Joint Select Committee, one might have thought that the "hush-hush" programme would have been abandoned. But this has not been the case. The proceedings of the Committee have continued to be "wropt in mystery."

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This Year, Next Year, Sometime—

One could understand no hint being given about the findings of the Committee till the Report had been published. But why on earth should there be any secrecy about such things as the dates when the Committee is next to adjourn and re-assemble after the summer Recess? After so much discussion "about it and about," why should it not be possible now to give the outside world some approximate date for the appearance of the Report? As things are, the Press have to form their own conclusions, and, if those conclusions are wrong, who is to blame? To judge by the Indian papers both the newspapers and their public are getting heartily sick of the prolonged delay in coming to grips with the constitutional problem, and the latest Fleet Street rumour that the Report is not to appear earlier than January next will, one may be sure, rouse tremendous excitement in India. If the rumour is incorrect, why not deny it at once? Why not, in fact (to borrow Mr. Baldwin's pet expression), have a "whang" at a little publicity for a change?

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Whang and Stan

Mr. Stanley Baldwin has been explaining to the readers of a Sunday paper the meaning and use of the word "whang" (more usual, he says, than "wang"). "I have," he remarks, "used it myself all my life. . . On village cricket grounds in old days I have often heard 'have a whang at it' shouted at the reluctant batsman." Now his party knows this, doubtless the cry will go forth over his leadership, "Have a whang at it, Stanley." But perhaps he will say it isn't cricket to exhort him like this when he is obviously keeping up his wicket, not for Stanley, but Mac.

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Heavy Weather Ahead

It is highly characteristic of these troubled and difficult times that the "preparatory" conversations respecting Naval Disarmament have ended in their postponement until October. The exchange of views between M. Piétri, the French Minister of Marine, and Sir Bolton Eyres-Monsell, at the Admiralty last week was reported as being

the consideration of preparations for the Conference next year, but it is scarcely likely that no reference was made to the two projected big ships that now figure in the Italian programme—to the annoyance of France, though she has no legitimate cause of complaint, for Italy is well within her rights.

That was an embarrassment rather than an obstacle, and could be overlooked, if not overcome. The definite pause was occasioned by the non-arrival of the Japanese delegation, and the intimation that not till October would Japan be in a position to begin discussions. But this was not all. The Supreme Council of the Japanese Navy, at a meeting on Monday, demanded either complete naval equality for Japan with Great Britain and the United States, or a perfectly free hand in building whatever fleet her national defence requires. And why not? Apart from that question, it is plain that the Naval Conference, *if it assembles at all*, is in for the heaviest of heavy weather.

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The "United Front"

Lady Houston is quite right in lumping together Socialists, Communists and Bolsheviks. If fresh proof was required, that they are birds of a feather, it would be found in the acceptance by the French Socialist Party of the Communist proposal of a united front against "Fascism and War." Further, it was agreed to inform the Internationale of what had taken place, and to ask Moscow whether proposals for a united front should not be extended to all countries. As the result, the Secretary of the British Communist Party has appealed to the Labour Party, Trade Unions, the I.L.P. and so forth, to build a "real united front of all workers." It is not working out that way in America, but then the hold of the International is slight.

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Sir Samuel Hoare Lies Low

We are interested to see that Mr. Randolph Churchill, with the characteristic gift for holding on like a terrier, is determined to get some sort of answer from Sir Samuel Hoare on the subject of his strange discrepancies between the speech he made on April 16 and the report of the Committee of Privileges. The report flatly contradicted Sir Samuel Hoare's assertions of innocence of any secret negotiations with the Manchester Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Randolph Churchill keeps on asking Sir Samuel to explain the discrepancies. Sir Samuel falls back on his private secretary whose burden of song is that his chief thinks no useful purpose would be served by continuing the correspondence. Mr. Churchill thinks there would be. He charges Sir Samuel with "refusing to co-operate" with him. It is a pretty quarrel, but we suggest that Sir Samuel cannot

"co-operate" because he would convict himself of being a master of "terminological inexactitudes." But, at any rate, it has killed Sir Samuel Hoare's political prestige.

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All Night Police Traps

The Road Traffic Bill speed limit clause seems to please nobody and the latest to kick against it are the House of Lords. They have decided, without the Government attempting even a division, that if the 30 miles per hour speed limit in built-up areas is to stand, there must be no "off" period. The limit must stand all night, from midnight to 5 a.m., when as Earl Howe contended the most fatal accidents often occurred.

We wonder mildly if the Peers have forced this latest disability with their tongues in their cheeks, in order to bring the whole clause into contempt. How are the authorities going to see that motorists crawl along at 30 m.p.h. through these arbitrary controls in the long and silent hours of the night? Does it mean night staffs of "cops" set to trap the unwary? Or, does it mean that the limit is in their view reactionary and incapable of fulfilment? It will certainly mean that the police will be taken from their task of preventing crime to trap motorists who will be doing no harm, but who will doubtless be bled once more as convicts in *embryo*.

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The Anti-Noise Conference

No, this is not being held at Geneva, but at Oxford. The noise is not that of incessant talk leading nowhere, but that of our everyday existence, which the unsilenced motor-car and motor-bicycle and the motor-horn in particular hourly harass with all-penetrating, never-ceasing sounds. Lord Horder, the Chairman of the Conference, is quite right in thinking that the public as a whole "regard needless noise as a nuisance" and would be glad to get rid of it. But the problem still remains. How is this to be done? Three years ago a Noise Abatement Association came into existence. This was followed by an Anti-Noise League, now apparently affiliated to it. But the nuisance has not only persisted; it has grown. Perhaps the Conference at present being held will be able to suggest effective remedies. One hopes so, but one also has one's doubts.

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Shaw and Laski

Mr. Bernard Shaw has found occasion in his defence of Professor Laski's lecture at Moscow to have his usual smack at Englishmen and at the country where he lives and out of which he makes a great deal of money. When he says, quite incoherently, that "our Indian subjects, when acquitted by juries of their own countrymen are promptly sentenced by British judges precisely as if the verdict were one of guilty," he clearly does

not know what he is talking about. We agree, however, with Mr. Shaw that it was not the Professor's business "to impersonate in Moscow a stage Englishman." Professor Laski would have considerable difficulty in impersonating any sort of Englishman anywhere, and if he had attempted to do so in Moscow, he would have been removed from the lecture platform to less comfortable quarters in double-quick time.

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More Laurels (Red)

Equally foolish are the attempts to pretend that such "lectures" in Soviet Russia speak against Communism and independently of Communistic organisations. Professor Laski, who has made himself *persona grata* with the Soviet by praising the perfection of the Red Army in one Labour daily organ published in this country, has now the distinction of being lauded for his oratorial activities in another and a redder one, the uncompromising Communist "Daily Worker."

Mr. Shaw suggested that, in addition, "some special distinction" should be conferred on him, which reminds us that Mr. Shaw is a very old man and that he wrote, in his "Heartbreak House," "When you are old, very old, the dreams come by themselves. You don't know how terrible that is." More silly, perhaps, than terrible.

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Co-Operative Wangles

There is a peculiarly hypercritical twist in the Socialist mentality which makes it consider that a course is proper and expedient if in accordance with its own party ideals, but evil and tyrannical if pursued by any other party. Leeds City Council has a Socialist majority, which has had the effrontery to approach the Minister of Health with a request that those who are members of the Leeds Industrial Co-operative Society should be allowed to vote on contracts offered to that Society. In short, they ask that municipal graft shall be permitted, provided that it is Socialist graft. We can scarcely picture the indignant hullabaloo which would inevitably arise were "capitalist" members of the Council to demand similar procedure—i.e., the freedom to wangle contracts for concerns in which they had a direct business interest.

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Our Simple Simons

The Conservative Central Office runs a quarterly called "Politics in Review." As it is priced at 2s. 6d. one wonders who reads it. Hitherto certain sections of the Press have been presented with free copies, no doubt in the hope that in return this quarterly will receive a due amount of free public-

ity. But now this free distribution is to be stopped, and the papers are actually being asked to pay for their copies!

By this means the Central Office apparently hopes to go on securing free publicity for its precious quarterly, while adding to its seemingly diminutive circulation revenue—at the expense of the newspapers. A bright idea surely in propaganda, even if rather suggestive of the old fault of the Dutch "of giving too little and asking too much."

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The Wheat Glut

Another rise has taken place in wheat owing to the uncommonly poor prospects of the American crop which indicates a large inroad into the world's huge carry-over of the cereal from former years of superabundance. It is even suggested that the United States will have to buy wheat from Canada—which would be all to the good for Canada, as she is likely to have a much better crop than was forecast a month or so ago. But the 1933-34 crop in Argentina is enormous, and will substantially check a really great decrease in the world's stocks. There will still be far more than enough wheat to go round.

As for Argentina, she broke through the quota allotted to her under the International Wheat Agreement, and made hay, so to speak, of the World Wheat Conference, which was to have met in June but didn't. Another attempt to hold this Conference is scheduled for mid-August—but world conferences are extremely brittle affairs. Meanwhile the price of bread has gone up only a little.

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Spreading the Tory Revolt

Copies of the *Saturday Review* were before each guest at a large meeting arranged by Miss Dorothy Crisp, at 61 Ennismore Gardens on Tuesday. The Duchess of Atholl, D.B.E., M.P., spoke in opposition to the India White Paper to a crowded audience, and Mr. Edward Villiers, from the Union of Britain and India, debated against the Duchess. It is very significant of the growth of genuinely Tory opinion that his mention of Lord Irwin (Halifax) and the Archbishop of Canterbury, as political authorities, was received with most lively cries of dissent.

The general discussion which followed, under the direction of Miss Bower, the hostess of the evening, was so keen as to be almost heated on occasion, and it was obvious that the bulk of the remarkably representative audience were on the side so strongly advocated by the *Saturday Review*, and ready to go to considerable lengths to attack the proposals of the India White Paper.

Entre Nous

By LADY HOUSTON, D.B.E.

"YOU must go away to a cooler place"—said my doctor,—when weary and worn with the heat and insomnia—I came to the Highlands of Bonnie Scotland—in search of cooler weather—But the Weather "Cock of the North"—had other views—and has vied every day during the last few weeks with the "Clerk of the Weather"—down South—and beat him hollow!

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Scotland is luxuriating in the graciousness of the King and Queen—who have delighted the people—and the favourite song up North now is—"God save the King"—*unexpurgated*.

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I quote an extract from the description given in the *Scotsman* of the Garden Party at Holyrood House:—"The thrill of the afternoon came at four o'clock. The guests had practically all arrived, and the King and Queen stood watching them from the balcony. Then, from somewhere in the outskirts of the crowd, there came a note of music, and as if by magic the thousands assembled became silent and stationary. Softly and slowly the Band of the Scots Greys played the National Anthem and filled the air with its quiet and impressive harmony."

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The picture presented at this point remained in the memory. Looking very picturesque drawn up on either side of Their Majesties were a line of Royal Archers in dark green uniforms and cloth bonnets, with high single feathers, who performed their glad duty as a bodyguard, and kept a clear space round the King.

In olden days when the bow and arrow were weapons of warfare English Archers were feared as deadly marksmen, and little boys

from the early age of three were trained on every village green to strengthen their arms by standing with their arms straight out on either side for as long as they could maintain this position. These were the days when Englishmen were proud of their strong arm—and proud of the land of their birth.

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Pythons have become so precious since women started using shoes and handbags made of snakes' skin that one commercially minded native in Northern Nigeria has instituted a close season for the killing of pythons in his domain.

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Don't forget that HERRINGS are a delicious nutritious food, so to help the Herring Fishermen—Do eat them regularly.

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Norwegian fishermen, who depend for their existence upon the coastal fishing, look to their Government for protection of their rights,—Why cannot our fishermen do the same? Alas!

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The Socialist Party's Manifesto—

No National Duty
No National Loyalty
No National Patriotism
No National Armies or Navies

What have Oxford and Cambridge to say to this?

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The deaths of the Dukes of Wellington and Marlborough have created an unexpected problem for filling the two vacancies that have arisen in the Order of the Garter—As one would be no use to me—I modestly suggest that I be given them both!

Simple Simon

By Our Saturday Reviewer

IT was Saturday morning in the suburban home—Saturday last to be accurate. The Mother was still enjoying her second cup of tea; the Father had one foot on his chair so as to tie his shoe before setting out for the City; the Daughter was fetching his hat and umbrella, and the Hope of the Family was poring over the morning newspaper.

"Daddy," said this bright young lad, "what is a mutual pact?"

"That's right my boy," said Father, "you're reading the speech of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He's a very clever man is Sir John Simon, not that I liked him in the war; but a very clever man nonetheless—quite up to these foreigners. Well, a mutual pact, of course, is—

is . . ."

"Is it a reciprocal guarantee, Daddy?"

"Yes," said Father, "that's exactly what it is, as Simon explained, now I think of it. A mutual pact is a reciprocal guarantee."

"Then what, father," said the boy, "is a reciprocal guarantee?"

"Oh," said Father, "well, of course, a reciprocal guarantee is a mutual pact."

"Yes, I know that Daddy, but what is either of them or both?"

"Well, I suppose," he said, "it means an Alliance."

"Oh, be your age, Daddy" said the Daughter, appearing with hat, gloves, and umbrella, "everybody knows there aren't alliances nowadays. They're wicked!"

"Yes, Daddy, they must be wicked," said the boy reading on, "for listen to this. Simon says:

'We cannot encourage or lend moral support to anything in the nature of a select alliance. What is really proposed is of a reciprocal character.'

"Hark how he gets his long words," said Mother proudly.

"Yes, but what is the difference between a select alliance and a reciprocal guarantee or a mutual pact?"

"An alliance is militaristic," said Mummy. "I heard that on the wireless."

They paid no attention to their Mother (although she had a vote).

"Simon says, Daddy," the boy went on eagerly,

"The new arrangement is in the most complete sense reciprocal, and it could not by any possibility be represented as being a selective combination between certain Powers, joining forces, at any rate joining hypothetically, against the possibility of having to resist another."

"That's right, my boy," said Father, "there speaks the plain, blunt Englishman."

"Yes, Daddy, but what does it mean?"

"He doesn't know," said the Daughter scornfully, "bet you sixpence he doesn't know."

"Impudence," said the Mother, "your Father knows everything."

"Well I must be off," said Daddy with both

feet now on the carpet.

"I told you so," said the Daughter. "He doesn't know."

Stung by these observations, the Father retorted—"Of course I know, an Alliance is between two nations and a pact is between a whole lot."

"But that's the League of Nations, Daddy."

"No, my boy, the League is *the* whole lot, not a whole lot."

"Oh, but, Daddy, there are Russia, and America, and Germany and Japan, not in the League."

"Yes, that's right," said Father, "I'd forgotten them. Well this pact, as you'll see if you read on, is an Eastern Locarno."

"But what is an Eastern Locarno, Daddy?"

"Well, of course, an Eastern Locarno is like a Western Locarno," said Daddy fairly cornered.

"Only one is in the East and the other in the West," said the Daughter sarcastically.

"Don't be so pert to your Father," said the Mother.

"You see," said Father, pulling himself together, "the Western Locarno guaranteed that if either Germany or France made war on each other, England would fight the one that hit first, or what they call the aggressor. That was in the West of Europe. Now in this Eastern Pact there are going to be Russia and Germany, and a whole lot of others that don't count. And if Russia hits first, France will take the side of Germany; but if Germany hits first France will take the side of Russia."

"Oh, I see," said the boy, and then, thinking hard,— "But, tell me, Daddy, suppose Germany made war on Russia. . ."

"She of course would be the aggressor," said Daddy.

"In the East?"

"Yes, of course, in the East."

"And then France would attack Germany?"

"Yes, of course, she would."

"So that France would be the aggressor in the West?"

"Yes, I suppose, she would."

"Well then, Daddy, if Germany was the aggressor in the East and France was the aggressor in the West, which side would England take?"

"Oh don't be a little fool," said his Father testily. "Why, doesn't Simon explain that we are not even going to be members of this Eastern Locarno?"

"That's not the point," said the boy. "The point is Father, that as we're not in the Eastern Locarno, but are in the Western Locarno, if France attacks Germany because Germany attacks Russia, then we must attack France."

"I never liked these French," said the Mother cheerfully, "no family life."

"Give me my hat, Emily," shouted Father in desperation, "or I'll lose the 9.30."

Strangling Agriculture

By G. Roland Dudley

IT is now the third year of office of the present Government and the grim fact remains that we still have 2,000,000 men unemployed. The complacency of the Government after having got down to this figure seems difficult to shake.

At the same time the one industry which could have contributed more than any other to the lessening of this intolerable burden has been subjected to a most amazing and complicated series of legislative enactments, arising out of lack of courage and foresight, with the result that instead of making anything but the merest contribution to the reduction of unemployment, the bulk of farmers are hard put to it to keep from the bankruptcy court, and are only being kept alive by a series of expedients for a few branches of the industry.

It is the considered opinion of all those best qualified to judge, that given a rise in wholesale prices to cover the cost of production, plus a reasonable reward for the services of the producer, which should only raise retail prices a very little, and given also security for future planning and production, we could produce at least another £200,000,000 of foodstuffs in this country, which we now import from abroad, making a total home market of £450 to £500 millions per annum.

The Free Trade Fetish.

So long as many members of the Government still bow down and worship at the shrine of the god of international free trade and cherish the dream of it returning once more, can we expect them to develop this wonderful home market of ours?

Is it a tender regard for the foreign investor which stands in the way? Are not the very arguments we used against the non-payment of our debt to America equally valid against the receipt of the foreign investor's interest in this country?

In Section 19 of the British Note to the U.S.A. we stated "The discharge of all international debts must in the long run take the form of a transfer of goods or services"—a truism that every student of economics knows. But it means this—we are to receive our interest in the shape of pots and pans which puts the town worker on the dole or we receive it in foodstuffs which we could produce here and which puts the land out of cultivation.

Hence, no doubt, the appalling trade agreements which we have made with the Argentine and Denmark. These have put a noose round the necks of the British agriculturist and handed the rope to these Governments to pull taut until 1936 when, if he is not dead, the noose may be relaxed.

To prevent premature strangulation it is costing the tax-payer £3,000,000 to put a wedge of subsidy in between the rope and the windpipe of the beef producer.

Whether the subsidy can or will be repaid by a future "levy" (the word tariff seems too difficult to swallow) remains to be seen. What the regulations will be for administering the subsidy loan also are not known, but those who have had experience of the beef control regulations during the war cannot help feeling that the cost of administration will be great.

The Milk Muddle

Similarly with the milk scheme, although we can produce more liquid milk than we can consume (about 1,000 million gallons) the milk equivalent of about 2,000 million gallons of milk products—butter, condensed milk, etc., is dumped on to our shores. The great bulk of this could be produced in this country, but by allowing our markets to be flooded with these milk products, the average price obtained for our home produced milk is now depressed to a level which it does not pay to produce and owing to the drought, milk producers who have held out longer than any other branches of farming are now in a most precarious position. To avoid the danger of bankruptcy another subsidy or subsidised loan has had to be hastily granted to them.

The policy of restriction of quantity in the case of beef at any rate, resulted in more beef being imported in 1933 instead of 1932. In so far as it does raise price, it raises it to the foreigner and puts more money in his pocket. The tax-payer gets no benefit. A sliding scale of tariff, however, which is perfectly easy to collect, for all the machinery is at the ports, will either raise the price or produce a revenue which we so badly want to relieve taxation on our home industries.

Had the Government had the courage to keep their hands perfectly free and the foresight to refrain from pursuing the phantom of foreign trade, agriculture could by now have been well on the way to such reorganisation and expansion and would have made such very appreciable reductions in the ranks of the unemployed that no future government would have cared or dared to touch the import duties.

That the many branches of agriculture require reorganisation is fully and freely admitted, but this could have been done under the shelter of a tariff exactly as the steel industry is reorganising itself. A policy of subsidies, sugar beet, milk and now beef cannot possibly last.

The most that one can say is that all the measures so far taken are better than nothing, but it will be very cold comfort if the end of it is that farmers are to go bankrupt by paying 15/- in the £ instead of 10/- and thousands are to be put on the dole.

To no Government at any time in history did such a golden opportunity occur of restoring the country to prosperity as well as the towns. It may be that they see their folly and are endeavouring to rectify it. Will they be too late?

It's a Hard Life : By HAMADRYAD

Ramsay MacDiddler has gone on a trip
(Sing hey, for the great North-West!)
He's given his Cabinet colleagues the slip,
And gone for that well-earned rest,
For there's work afoot that had best be missed
By a proletarian pacifist.

For the League of Nations has passed from view
(Sing hey, for the Eastern Pact!)
And all of the parties concerned, bar two,
Are doing what France has advised them to,
And Sir John has explained with tact,
That we'll give them our blessing but won't go surety
For any more nation's peace and security.

Poor Sammy Hoare's in a terrible stew
(Sing hey, for the white, white flag !),
For just when he thought the Committee was through,
It somehow struck on a snag,
And the people who know are prepared to bet
That it won't report for a long time yet.

For the Socialist members have flown the coop
(Sing hey, for scuttle and run !),
And won't agree with the Tory group,
Or even with Samuel's hand-picked troupe,
On the subject of what should be done,
And what with the Princes and what with cotton,
The skating for Sammy looks pretty rotten.

Elliot (Walter) is full of grief
(Sing hey, for the ranging herd !),
For he wants a levy on foreign beef,
But Australia says " Absurd !"
And while the Dominions say " Not on mine,"
He can't put one on the Argentine.

Someone has kiboshed Walter's plan
(Sing hey, for the Board of Trade !)
He can't have a levy; he can't have a ban.
He's been diddled by Walter Runciman
And the Big Black Pacts he's made,
And the poor tax-payer, as things have panned out,
Must dig up the fatstock farmer's handout.

Sticktight Stanley has bought a pup
(Sing hey, for the blue, blue sky !)
For he's promised to build the Air Force up,
And he'd much rather let things lie,
But " I mean to go slow," says Sticktight Stan,
When they tell him it's time that he began.

For we need more aeroplanes, ships and tanks
(Sing hey, for the empty till !),
The Japs are building and so are the Yanks,
And Stanley knows that he'll get no thanks
When the taxpayer gets the bill.
" It's just like Ramsay to bolt," says he,
And leave all the horrid hard work to me."

The "Iron Chancellor"

A Prodigy of Venom

By Kim

IT is not too late I trust, nor imposing upon the patience of the readers of *The Saturday Review*, if I revert to the extraordinary exhibition of rage and mortification which shook the frail form of the Right Hon. Viscount Snowden during the recent debate on the Finance Bill in the House of Lords. The reason why it is worth while disinterring his speech before finally allowing it to pass into the limbo of forgotten things is that Lord Snowden tore aside the veil which conceals the true psychology of the embittered Socialist, who was, let me add, welcomed as a deeply valued colleague by the leaders of the National Government, placed in the Cabinet, and given a Viscounty. In view of his record, the erstwhile Philip Snowden, agitator, pacifist, friend of all countries but his own, has not suffered too ill a reward for his services.

In this particular speech, he indulged in the most violent invective against his erstwhile friend and political comrade, the Prime Minister. He alleged, among other matters, that Mr. MacDonald was "such an amenable instrument of Tory policy that the Cabinet had come to the conclusion that there are no professions he ever made, no pledges he gave to the country which he will not repudiate, no humiliation to which he will not submit if they will only allow him still to be called the Prime Minister." He alluded to a letter of his as "nauseating hypocrisy." And, finally, he said bitterly that in the next Election the Tories would have no use for the Prime Minister "except as an exhibition on Tory platforms in Tory chains."

When Socialists Fall Out

Lord Snowden, in his estimate of the Prime Minister may be so near the truth as to make the sting felt. I am not concerned, however, with these ethics to take any particular sides just now. There is an old adage which might be aptly quoted as hitting off the falling-out between the comrades, but it will suffice to mention that a Socialist Peer, Lord Strabolgi (better known as Commander Kenworthy) retaliated in no halting tones. He alluded to "political gangsters." Every other sentence he said of Lord Snowden was interspersed with the words "honour" and "honesty," and "keeping pledges," but he himself "broke every pledge he ever made to his party and had not the courage to look us in the eyes when he did it. So much for honesty and honour and the betrayal of pledges."

We can allow these Socialists, whether in or out of the National Government, to settle their own quarrels. It does not affect us except that the exhibition is not too edifying, but then, nobody would expect to be edified by Socialists. The only value to us is that when politicians of this kidney

wash their dirty linen in public they do reveal their true character. Now observe that Lord Snowden's vials of wrath were opened because the Chancellor of the Exchequer has this year decently and quietly killed and buried Mr. Philip Snowden's monstrous progeny, the Land Value Tax of 1931. This Act has been in a state of suspended animation since the collapse of the Socialist Government brought about by frenzied finance when "the Iron Chancellor" held the strings of finance. There is no need here to debate the subject of that ill-fated measure except to remark that it placed fresh burdens on the land already hopelessly over-taxed, and was, clause by clause, the worst piece of partisan legislation ever forced through Parliament.

No Logical Grievance

That is the point I must stress. Lord Snowden has already leaned strongly to the Left. An extremist of his calibre can never see beyond the tip of his nose. So, in his accusation of dishonourable conduct on the part of Mr. Neville Chamberlain for slaughtering his Land Value Act, he said that the present Government was formed, "on the condition that no Party to it would be called upon to sacrifice its political principles. It was to be a National Government to deal with the National crisis on non-Party lines." It will surely appear to most of us that, on this assumption, Lord Snowden logically has no sort of grievance. If the National Government were set up to deal with the national crisis on non-Party lines, it would have been an unpardonable betrayal of its pledge had it put into operation an Act so extremely partisan as his Land Value Act. What is evidently his reasoning—so characteristic of a Socialist—is that everything is "Party" except his own pet nostrums.

But Lord Snowden's odd reasoning does not stop there. He went on to allege that at the last Election "millions of Labour, Liberal and Free Trade votes were given to the National candidates, mainly Tory candidates," because they believed that Free Trade and Protection were not an issue. The implication of these words was apparently that if the Government had forced the unpopular Land Value Act upon the country it would have been fulfilling its pledge of non-Party legislation, but that in carrying through a policy of Protection—only partial as it is in the view of the majority of this country—it was breaking its pledge and deceiving the nation. What Lord Snowden really wanted, was a Government (although overwhelmingly Conservative and anti-Socialist) which would give effect to Socialist ideas because Lord Snowden had deserted the Socialist ship they had scuttled and sought refuge in the word "National."

This contempt for any Tory rights is astonish-

ing. Suppose the boot had been on the other leg and that a number of Tory Ministers had thrown themselves on the mercy of an overwhelming Socialist majority of electors. Imagine the savage denunciations of the "Iron Chancellor" had any one of them dared to accuse his colleagues of betrayal if he did not advance a Tory programme!

Lord Snowden also talks of the country having been betrayed and how millions of electors have lost their confidence in the faith and the honesty of political leaders. The test of such matters is found in the long chain of by-elections. There has been so remarkable a consistency in these that even Lord Snowden should have preserved some vestige of logic before making such a diagnosis as to the motives which caused the country to vote Conservative in the 1931 Election. Whenever candidates have stood in constituencies and have supported a programme quasi-Liberal, quasi-Socialist, quasi-Free Trade, Pacifist, Surrenderist, and all the rest of the stock-in-trade of the Little England, majorities have gone west with a bang. Whenever they have proved themselves sturdily pro-British, sound on national defence, determined not to scuttle from India, ready to fight for the rights of Englishmen in trade and against privileges to foreigners, the result has been triumph. If all the discordant elements who form a tiny mosaic round the great Central Tory citadel were taken away, the result would be infinitely more harmonious to the nation and to the Empire. These words are based on facts and not, as Lord Snowden's are, on mere caprice.

Nothing in our political history has been more eccentric than the fact that in 1931, although an overwhelming number of our fellow-countrymen voted for a Conservative Government, determined to put the nation and the Empire firmly on its feet in every way, the tail—and a stump one at that—has been allowed to wag the dog. I would wager that not one Conservative in a thousand wanted the inclusion of such politicians as Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Lord Snowden, Sir John Simon, Mr. Isaac Foot, Mr. Runciman, Sir Herbert Samuel and the rest of them in a National Government. They hoped, however, for the best. They were confiding enough to believe that these political

muddles had seen the error of their ways and were genuinely intending to help to create a new and prosperous England. They were soon disillusioned. The Ethiopian cannot change his skin, and it was not long before the electors realised that, whatever the label might say, the skin remained the same colour.

No one can deny that the National Government has lost nothing and has gained a good deal since it has discarded Lord Snowden, Sir Herbert Samuel and Mr. Isaac Foot, and if it would discard the remainder of this unwanted element it would be all the sweeter for it.

IN PLAIN ENGLISH, THE ELECTORS AT THE LAST GENERAL ELECTION RETURNED A VAST MAJORITY FOR THE PRINCIPLES FOR WHICH TRUE CONSERVATIVES STAND. ON OUR FRONT COVER THIS WEEK WE PROCLAIM THIS FACT IN STATING "ENGLAND VOTED FOR A CONSERVATIVE GOVERNMENT," AND WE ARE PROUD TO THINK THIS IS THE CASE.

We are equally confident that this great country will support to-morrow at the polls a true, bold and genuine Tory policy. It only wilts under the shams and subterfuges of fear, surrender and compromise. It has no use for men like Lord Snowden, whose whole public career has been built up by belittling his fellow-countrymen, who in the War did his best to work for the discouragement of Britain, who has only come into prominence as an agitator advocating with untiring zeal class hatred, who has publicly supported Communists, who has boasted that he would like to realise the ethics of Karl Marx and see this country painted red.

He has a hideous responsibility for much of the suffering of the working classes led astray by his preachings. To-day a peer of the Realm, a Viscount to boot, he lolls on the scarlet benches of the House of Lords. He can wear his ermine and coronet, but this cannot cleanse him of his embittered mind and his innate hatred of an England which has fortunately measured by now the fallacy of the words "Iron Chancellor." He is far less a man of iron than a prodigy of venom.

Your England: A Tribute

Were I to stay away from my own land:
The sun, blue skies, the nights, yes the warm nights,
The moon, the bride of night who o'er delights
Hearts that wait and pulsate at her command.
Were I to keep away from all those grand
Snow-capped mountains, enchanted soil, the lights,
The colours I love, the beautiful sights
And the people whom I so well understand.
I would choose no other land than England,
I would prefer no people to the English;
Their gentle manners, naiveté and mild humour,
Nimble wit and phlegm leave me no more to wish;
While the cool green grass and dark green verdure
Would sooth my heart and allay my anguish.

AYANA ANGADI
(India)

Whitehall's Grip on the British Legion

THE British Legion has become a national institution, and as such, its well-being and prestige are of national importance. The public, therefore, wish to be assured that it is efficiently conducted for the purposes for which it exists. They have a right to this for two reasons. Firstly, because *thousands of pounds subscribed annually as "Poppy Day" money are allocated to Legion administration*, for members subscriptions are not sufficient. Secondly, the welfare of ex-service men—*present and future*—is a national obligation, though delegated to the Legion. Unfortunately neither the public nor the members can be so assured. The Legion is not pulling its weight as a national organisation. It should be more than a gigantic charitable institution. *It refuses to fight.* Members continually complain that their claims in respect of pensions, employment, etc., are not adequately pressed by H.Q. *This is the explanation of the Legions' failure to secure more than 342,000 out of a potential membership of over three million.*

In Whitehall's Pocket

Unfortunately, the Legion has, since its inception, been unofficially sponsored by the government and the price of this is "non-aggression." A militant policy is thus impossible so long as it remains as it is at present, in the pocket of Whitehall.

The facts in connection with the discharge of the Editor of the Legion's journal demonstrate this. In April, 1933, he published a damaging attack on the Ministry of Pensions—an attack hailed with deep satisfaction by the rank and file. Letters of congratulation poured into his office. Whitehall was staggered that the hitherto complacent Legion should dare to criticise its sacrosanct administration. That ex-service men should venture to assert their rights was intolerable. Hints were dropped by the Prime Minister, that unless there was a withdrawal, the Prince of Wales would withdraw his Patronage. H.Q. panicked. The Editor was forced to publish a complete withdrawal in his next issue. A meeting was arranged at which the Minister of Pensions was represented and a member of the Executive made a humble apology in the course of which he disparaged the Editor. The Editor immediately prepared to issue a writ for libel, but at the earnest request of H.Q. officials, he agreed not to proceed. *The Editor's legal expenses were paid by a cheque which bore the inscription "Earl Haig's Special Fund."* Money, considered by the public as being solely for the relief of ex-service men, was thus used to prevent an exposure.

At the Conference in 1933, the delegates (who unfortunately knew nothing of the threatened libel action) were furiously indignant at the retraction of the article criticising the Ministry of Pensions and passed a Motion of Urgency demanding (a)

an inquiry, and (b) that in future "the Journal should have complete freedom for the discussion of all matters affecting the welfare of ex-service men." The Executive, however, appointed—not an *ad hoc* committee of inquiry—but a standing committee of censorship! This committee promptly instructed the Editor that in future nothing concerning pensions should be published without its approval. The Editor's position henceforth became impossible. He had the mandate of the Conference for the freedom of the Journal and he acted on it. In due course he was dismissed—a sacrifice to Whitehall. If it had been possible at the recent Conference to obtain a full disclosure of these facts the domination of Downing Street would have been shattered, but the tactics adopted by the platform—including the monstrous use of the nine day old letter from Prince George—prevented this.

It was significant also that, in spite of the ascendancy obtained by the officials and in spite of the usual warnings against embarrassing Whitehall, once more a resolution was passed demanding a "more aggressive policy." Therein lies the hope for the future of the Legion. Nothing which the politicians do not wish to grant will ever be gained by present methods. The bitter struggle for justice for ex-service men in the Civil Service amply proved this. This struggle should have been waged by the Legion, but its leaders—under the influence of Downing Street—prevented it.

No Bond of Sympathy

One does not question the motives of the leaders. They probably consider that the best interests are served by keeping ex-service men from self assertion. The rank and file quite rightly think otherwise, and it is because the official view prevails that one realises the gravamen of the charge that the Legion is not democratic.

H.Q. has no real bond of sympathy with the rank and file, nor will it have until drastic changes are made among the officials. It is scandalous that any senior posts should be held by men whose claim to membership is a few days' service. Front line experience is an essential for inspired leadership or office in such an organisation. The Legion, freed from Governmental control, could not only achieve full justice for its cause, but could offer a valuable contribution to the solution of post-war problems—more particularly by combatting the spineless spirit of disruption and defeatism so prevalent to-day.

Sir F. Maurice has said the Legion has no secrets! One wishes it were so. Many questions have recently been asked, but few answered. Only an independent inquiry would reveal the whole truth. The leaders should not resent criticism, but should realise it is offered because both members and public desire that the Legion should live up to its proud motto of "Service."

The Search for Security

By Robert Machray

LAST Friday Sir John Simon explained at considerable length to an indulgent House the nature and aims, with some of the implications, of the proposed Eastern European Pact of Mutual Assistance, called, for short, the "Eastern Locarno," which had been discussed with M. Barthou during his visit. It is an agreement mainly for the guarantee in common of their respective frontiers by the Baltic States, Soviet Russia, Poland, Czechoslovakia and Germany, and a condition is the entrance of the Soviet into the existing Locarno agreements—the "Western Locarno," so to speak.

Such in brief is the new plan of France—a fresh step in her ceaseless and extremely natural search for security. In expressing the Government's approval Sir John stated that the pact neither provided nor furthered anything in the shape of alliances, for instance, as against Germany, and he made a special point of insisting that no new obligations were involved on the part of Great Britain.

He said that the pact would lead the Soviet into joining the League of Nations, a proceeding that the Government would "warmly welcome," and that once the pact was made the Disarmament Conference would have a fresh opportunity. He announced that Italy adopted the same attitude as England; our Ambassadors in Berlin and Warsaw had been instructed to press the Government's point of view on Germany and Poland.

The Vanishing Trick

This certainly looked like business. For all that, it is very much on the cards that the Eastern Locarno Pact will vanish into the void just as did all the recent peace proposals and pacts.

At first the reaction of our Press in general was favourable to both Sir John's speech and the pact itself, and much sympathy was shown toward France. But the second thoughts of our papers have not been nearly so unanimous, mainly because of the serious doubts felt respecting the part or parts to be or that may be played if the pact went through, by Soviet Russia. There is a definite trend of public opinion against any further commitments in Europe.

So far as can be gathered, our Ambassadors do not appear to have had much luck either in Berlin or Warsaw. With regard to Poland, there is not the least doubt of her dislike of the proposed pact, and indeed there seems a possibility of the renewal of the strain between her and France, to do away with which was one of the reasons for M. Barthou's visit to Warsaw some weeks ago. In every way that would be unfortunate, but doubly so at the present juncture. It might be sufficient in itself to wreck the pact.

But, after all, though Poland is a very important factor in the ensemble of Eastern Europe and, for that matter, of all Europe, the success or failure of the proposed pact rests principally with Germany. In some diplomatic circles after Sir John's speech,

endorsing, though with some qualifications, the plan of M. Barthou, it was said that, seeing how badly Hitler was situated, he would cry "Kamerad, Kamerad!" and fall in with the pact. This does not appear to be the case.

It may be recalled that when Hitler, in a speech in the Reichstag, mentioned the Polish-German Ten-Year Peace Treaty, soon after it was signed, his reference to it was received with chilling silence. Taking into account, too, other expansionist aims of Nazism, it scarcely seems likely that an instrument—a pact—which fixes for years all the eastern frontiers of Germany would meet with any warmer reception. True, the principle of equality inheres in the pact, and that principle has become an obsession with Germany, who proclaims however that, as things are, she does not and cannot have it. With this as excuse, she goes on arming, arming, arming.

Security First

And this brings up the Disarmament question once again. At the week-end M. Barthou, speaking at Bayonne, said that France meant to keep that question quite distinct and separate from that of any regional pact. He declared that if he had been asked to negotiate on disarmament in order to obtain an Eastern pact, he would have refused. Concerning his visit to London he stated that "security was the thing that was uppermost" in his conversations there. He added: "At Geneva I spoke for security. At London I showed the same concern—concern for security."

M. Barthou's point was that while negotiations on disarmament might be opened as a consequence of the conclusion of regional pacts, such negotiations could not be opened as a condition for concluding these pacts. In other words, France has no intention of disarming, as the situation stands. When asked what would happen if the Eastern Locarno pact was not accepted, he replied that all should hearken to the voice of Britain and France. But what if they won't hearken?

France, with her great military strength and her allies, is in a position to make others hearken—as they do. But what about ourselves? Our Government has given France "moral encouragement and support," but in the terribly explosive times in which we live this does not go very far—as nobody knows better than M. Barthou, though he is quite right, of course, to make the most of it.

Perhaps he expected more. No doubt he had heard that some of our "National Party" papers had published statements, with a good deal of detail, of great increases that were about to be made in our defence forces—most of all, of the expansion of our Air Force, with night bombers galore! No doubt he had heard of the speeches of certain Ministers that were much in the same strain. He must have been bewildered to find that practically none of this programme of expansion was being realised.

Impose the Pax Britannica!

By Dorothy Crisp

FOR the peace of this world there is but one hope. A strong, united, dictatorial British Empire could impose peace upon the nations, without outside help or interference, and it is its duty to do so. But, far from pursuing such an end, our post-war politicians, lacking in every direction the courage to shoulder responsibility, have actually whittled the power of the Empire, permitted the practice to grow up of the component parts speaking with different voices, and have flung, and are flinging, Ireland, Ceylon and India into internal chaos, to their own sorrow and the loss of the whole.

For fourteen years, shirking their powers and duty of leadership, English Foreign Secretaries have babbled of and to the League of Nations. From our well-nigh empty purses they have presented the League with immense sums. It alone is responsible for inaugurating the practice of treating the British Empire as other than a united whole in diplomatic and foreign affairs.

Our Post-war Tactics

The result of all this sacrifice is that the League is openly flouted by the more powerful countries, and has, in short, become the jest of the world. We have abdicated our leadership and imperilled our power to serve what purpose? Even the hope of peace no longer exists outside the mind of Viscount Cecil.

Worse even than our material failure—a failure to serve the best interests of the world as well as to pursue our own greatness—is the mental and spiritual decline which has accompanied our post-war tactics; for policy is too decided a word to use. Pacifists now abound in England, and our schools and universities are rotting beneath the spread of the parasitic League of Nations Union and its allied growths. And even those who sicken at the thought of the natural courage of well-bred youth turned to a lily-livered "virtue" hardly realise how the brains of such pupils are atrophied by the earnest fools who instruct them.

A boy of fifteen spoke to me a few days ago in a fashion that is typical. "I like my German master at school," he said, "but if there was a war with Germany we should be expected to kill each other. And why? Just because the Heads of the States decide so. It's silly."

So it is; though not in the sense the youth intended. Children and adolescents may be forgiven for such crude condensing of the intricate problems of humanity into one completely misleading sentence, but the adults who not merely allow but encourage such lack of real comprehension are the most blameworthy of men, for ignoring or glossing over facts does nothing to destroy their potential danger, and the peace of the world will only be achieved when it is recognised as the business of the British Empire.

The instructors of our children set upon the creation of an utterly false atmosphere about their

charges, and children so trained must be useless in the conduct of affairs. Of what use in public business, or even in the triviality of registering a vote, can a young man be who believes that "the heads of states" decide one fine morning to have a war, and that there is nothing more to it than that?

Surely he should know, at least, that from the days of the Elizabethans the seafaring and colonising genius of the English has led them to the far places of the earth, whither they have been jealously followed by other peoples, and that, each nation being characteristically different, opposition and antagonism have sprung, on many occasions, simply through different characteristics. For the men of one nation will treat the natives of a country in one way, for example, and the men of another nation count up that treatment against their brother whites, and so in a thousand matters more intangible than trade, and far more permanent than any form of government or "heads of states," that electric atmosphere of opposed ideas is created from which bursts war.

One Hope

Not, of course, that one can suggest it is only English children who are being taught crudely and falsely, but the training of the children of other countries is to a very different end. In Germany, since that country has already been mentioned, the Education Minister, Herr Frick, has approved for use in all schools a book by Herr von Fikenscher, which contains the following typical verses:

"If you hear the word Versailles, then blush with shame.

That is the word that deprived us of our honour.

If you hear the word Versailles, then clench your fist;

That is the word which lacerated our fatherland."

And,

"Storm, storm, storm!

Sound the bells from tower to tower,

Call the men, the young, the old;

Call the sleepers from their rooms;

Call the girls down the stairs;

Call the mothers from the cradles;

The air shall roar and yell,

Raving, raving thunder of revenge;

Call the dead from their vaults.

Germany, awake!"

For the peace of the world there is but one hope. A strong, united, and, when necessary, dictatorial British Empire could impose peace upon the nations, and has, indeed, a duty so to do. And the sooner we set about that duty the more misery the world will be saved.

The Future of Air Racing

By Oliver Stewart

THE criticisms made in last week's *Saturday Review*, of the plan upon which the King's Cup air race was run this year, were justified by the event. There can scarcely have been a more boring air race. The fast machines were eliminated in the early heats and the under-estimation of one machine's speed by the handicappers gave it a run-away win.

In short, this year's experience demonstrated that the Royal Aero Club must not be allowed to run any future event on the same lines. It would be better if it abandoned the race altogether than repeated Saturday's performance. The race was the last word in triviality and ineptitude. That was agreed to by every responsible critic. The view was expressed, however, in extenuation of the Aero Club's misjudgment that it is difficult to devise a better plan for the race; that so many other schemes had been tried and found wanting. Let the position be examined to see how a form of race might be devised which would lift the contest up to the position of importance it ought to hold.

Spectacle or Test ?

There is, first of all, the matter of the choice of objective. Is the race to be a spectacle to amuse and entertain the public; is it to be a holiday for the officials; is it to be a test of pilotage; or of airframe or aero-engine design; is it to be a gambling mechanism like dog racing, or is it to be a combination of more than one of these things? Those questions must be answered clearly before it is possible to proceed. And it is to be remembered that no air race can fulfil all these aims at the same time.

It would be valuable if the race could be made a test of airframe or aero-engine design; if it could be run for example on the lines of the Coupe Deutsch, in which special machines are built for the contest. But civil aviation in Great Britain is in such a position that I do not think it likely that manufacturers could be persuaded to build special machines for the King's Cup air race. Consequently the idea of using the race to test airframe or aero-engine efficiency must be abandoned. Nor can limitations of engine size, which can provide an excellent basis for racing, be used, because no fixed groupings of engine size prevail, and it is unlikely that manufacturers would design and build special engines.

The race could be made a test of the pilots, an entertainment for the spectators, an outing for the officials or a gambling mechanism. I do not think that the King gave his Cup so that it might form the basis of a gambling mechanism or of a holiday for the officials selected by the Royal Aero Club. It remains, therefore, to consider the race either as an entertainment for the spectators or as a test of the pilots. To entertain spectators who are used to the "thrills" (and they really are thrills) of speedway racing and motor car road racing, is

difficult. The aeroplane is no longer a novelty and if people are to be attracted to watch it, it must do something interesting and spectacular.

Past experience suggests that there is only one kind of air race which can provide a really enthralling spectacle; that in which evenly matched machines compete with one another on a short course in which at least one of the turns is close to the spectators. To gain the maximum spectacular effect, there must also be the trappings of theatricalism; there must be the parade of machines, the bands and the publicity campaigns.

But is that what we wish to do with the King's Cup race? Ought this major event in the British sporting calendar to be turned into a spectacle and nothing else? I am not against spectacles. I enjoy speedway racing and I regard motor car road racing as one of the most interesting spectacles it is possible to devise. But I do not think that it is appropriate that the King's Cup air race should be a spectacle and nothing else. Can it be made a spectacle and at the same time serve a more serious purpose? The answer is no. The Schneider Trophy race, when there was opposition from challenging countries, was a spectacle as well as a serious and important intellectual exercise. But in that respect, I do not think that the King's Cup race will ever be able to vie with the Schneider Trophy race.

Twice Round Britain

Only one objective remains, that of providing a test for the pilots. Without fundamental changes in the outlook of British aircraft constructors, and without fundamental changes in the outlook of British aviation in general, the only objective which is appropriate to the King's Cup air race, is that of being a test for the pilots. The race cannot be used as a test of machines or engines and it is not right that it should be confined to being a spectacle for the public. It must be a test for the pilots. How might it be planned so as to provide a test for the pilots? There are many ways; but of them all it seems probable that the best would be a plan in which a long and difficult course must be flown. The sort of course I am thinking of would be a double circuit of Great Britain without enforced control stops on the way.

At first any suggestion of a non-stop double circuit of Great Britain would be greeted by roars of disapproval, much of it coming from the pilots themselves. But a large entry for the race is not necessary. Ten good pilots in ten really good modern machines are worth more than 43 ragtag and bobtail entries such as we had this year. I do not say that the double circuit of Great Britain, the machines being handicapped on form, is the only solution to the problem of making the King's Cup air race important. There are other possible solutions. It is one solution however. And it is a solution which would make the race a test of the pilots.

Segregation of the Feeble Minded

By Col. Sir Thomas A. Polson, K.B.E., C.M.G.

THE increasing of governmental responsibility has created a remarkable situation in England. Hercules, when confronted by his gigantic tasks, at least knew what was required of him. The modern Minister of State is far less happy. It is not possible for any man, however brilliant or however industrious, to be master of all the *details* and the possibilities of every branch of life grouped together in his particular department, and thus, as is well known, the power of the permanent official has increased at the expense of that of the Cabinet and of the House of Commons. But, as he is denied ultimate responsibility, it is neither the nature nor the office of the permanent official to innovate. He exists for the purpose of keeping the machine working, not to invent other mechanism, while the Minister, even if bold and original, is very heavily handicapped.

No situation can be imagined more likely to encourage ideas to run away on their own momentum, and, at least in one direction, we have reached the ridiculous development of the official object being prevented by the official means. The very amount of the money devoted to the segregation of the feeble minded is preventing that segregation. One town of 136,000 inhabitants, it was recently reported, is spending £1,000 a week on the maintenance of its legally certified defectives alone. It is hardly surprising that, faced with such colossal expense, certain areas quietly shelve, or very considerably modify, their segregation schemes. The feeble-minded must remain at large, a public danger, if the removal of that danger involves further heavy impositions on the already overburdened taxpayer.

A Dangerous Link

It is, of course, obvious that the sterilisation of the mentally deficient would remove both the danger and the drain on the purses of normal people, but at present the question of segregation is one of urgent importance, and the difficulties of to-day have probably largely arisen through an initial misconception. In 1913 the Mental Deficiency Act was passed which turned the Lunacy Board into a Board of Control, having authority over all defectives, and this linking together of lunacy and mental deficiency has produced a well-nigh fatal result. The two are anything but clearly differentiated in the public mind, and the tendency is now to house both in enormous buildings with polished floors and trim beds. But while lunacy—roughly, the condition of a diseased brain—may require this hospital treatment, the feeble-minded, it must be remembered, are simply those who, in varying degrees, cannot attain the average adult mental ability. With them it is not so much a case of something wrong as of something lacking, and small, informal, homelike places are a far greater kindness to them

than the creation of vast barracks in which it is not possible for them to be individually known, and their poor little likes and dislikes really considered.

Moreover, such homes as are now being created by the local authorities up and down the country, under the Board of Control, are established at the prohibitive cost of between £400 and £500 for each bed, and the running expenses approximate to 25s. a week for each inmate. How many normal families in this country, the families who foot these bills, can spend anything like as much on themselves?

Thousands Saved

By way of contrast let us consider a single example of an approved home and certified institution directed by charitable enterprise at Hildenborough, in Kent. The 1932-33 official report reads, "In regard to low building costs, the Colony has already utilised the labour of its colonists and staff, who—and we are not ashamed to reiterate it—have built Pitman Hall with the aid of only one outside labourer, a bricklayer; also a new wing to Upper Hollenden Farm, the boys' open air dining hall, and this year the open air shelter and workroom for the girls, in addition to many of the farm buildings. This should have been taken as an example to the country. Many thousands of pounds might have been—indeed, still might be—economised if this system were followed elsewhere."

The phrase "hundreds of thousands" might have been used in this report with perfect accuracy, for not only are capital charges thus vastly reduced in charitable institutions but, as the Report of the Economy Committee of Private Members of the House of Commons said, after quoting the much higher charges of maintenance in the Homes run by public authorities, "Charitable institutions show charges of from 15s. to 18s. a week for ordinary mental defectives. Emphasis should be laid on the value of such charitable institutions, and encouragement of them should be a cardinal principle of policy." Moreover, it is to be remembered that the mentally deficient is frequently an excellent manual labourer, and is certainly far more happy as a worker in a small, homelike community than as a mere one of hundreds expensively housed and reported upon.

At present, the sound ideas of public supervision, to ensure right treatment, and segregation, to check the danger to the race, have overdeveloped into a combination of vast expense to the ratepayer and a kind of negative cruelty to the deficient. Most important of all, this overdevelopment tends rapidly to crush and to destroy its own purpose. It cannot be too often repeated that the mere expense of segregation is preventing segregation, and this matter affects not only our pockets, but the very fabric of life.

The Uncle of Europe

By Clive Rattigan

"**S**ON *metier était Roi.*" If ever there was a specialist in the art of kinship it was Edward VII. He had the gift of combining *bonhomie* with a great sense of dignity. The *bonhomie* flowed from a natural kindness of heart and a keen interest in humanity generally; the dignity was instinctive to a sovereign, who, in small things as in great, never forgot that he was the living centre of a great Empire.

For mere empty ostentation he had no use; but no man knew better than he the value of impressive ceremonial or how to arrange it. He knew when and how to unbend; he chose his friends irrespective of rank or social importance; he brought his Court into touch with the life around it; and as sportsman and man of the world he was one with his people, sharing in their pleasures and rejoicing in their enjoyment.

Yet all the time there could be no mistaking the fact that he was the King.

Apart from mere personality, he always looked the part, both in his bearing and in his dress. For over two hundred years English Sovereigns, with the exception of George IV., had scorned fashion. Edward VII. departed from this Royal precedent. As Prince of Wales he was the recognised leader of the fashionable world, and as King he retained that leadership, being to all and sundry the example of the perfectly dressed, perfectly mannered English gentleman.

His Great Popularity

It was the lovable human side of him that endeared him to his people and made them feel that he was their friend as well as their Sovereign.

Who that witnessed the scene when Minoru won the Derby, could ever forget the wild wave of enthusiasm that swept over the vast crowds at Epsom at the sight of their beloved King leading in his winner; and who, too, could be unmoved by that scene of silent, respectful tribute when hundreds of thousands of his mourning subjects in 1910 passed by his bier of state in Westminster Hall in long-drawn out, orderly procession?

When Queen Victoria died, there was world-wide mourning over the passing of a great long-reigning Queen, but there was not in evidence quite the same sense of personal loss as King Edward's death brought to his subjects throughout the Empire and indeed to the world at large.

If he loved sport and amusement, no one ever had a higher sense than he had of duty. He never shirked his very arduous responsibilities and even up to a few hours of his death, he was still transacting the business of the State.

As constitutional Monarch, he had, of course, to accept the advice of his Ministers on many matters where his views were diametrically opposed to theirs, but he never left them in any doubt as to what his opinions were. And his comments were invariably shrewd and sound. They were inspired solely by what he felt to be the right

course in the interests of the nation and the Empire as a whole.

Witness his protest, through Major Ponsonby, to Lord Esher, anent Army economies in 1908:—

In all conversations reported from abroad the phrase constantly occurs "England in its present unprepared state" and yet His Majesty is assured that the Army is in a better state than it has ever been before! The King says that this thirst for economy has completely overshadowed the real aim, which should be efficiency.

Then, again, it is interesting to recall how King Edward foresaw that the appointment of Sir Satyendra (afterwards Lord) Sinha as the first Indian Member of the Viceroy's Council would lead to a succession of Mahomedan as well as Hindu Members and that this was only "the thin end of the wedge" which would have immense consequences.

His Work for Peace

But it was in the domain of foreign affairs that King Edward's rare and special qualities were able to exert their full benevolent influence.

At the beginning of his reign England was at war and faced on the Continent with suspicion and enmity in practically every country. Throughout his reign, too, there were international crises of the gravest import: the sinking of British trawlers by the Russian Fleet in 1904, Moroccan disputes in 1905, and the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina in 1908. And in Germany there was the unaccountable Kaiser always to be reckoned with, a Ruler who hated his uncle and found it difficult to veil his hostility to England.

King Edward set himself to the task of turning enmity into friendship and of removing all causes of friction and misunderstanding. With the French it was a case of the triumph of sheer personality; Fashoda and the Boer war faded into oblivion under the charm of King Edward's genial presence in Paris.

The entente with France was supplemented with an entente with Russia, and at the end of his reign England's "splendid isolation" had disappeared through agreements with most of the Continental Powers and with Japan.

King Edward worked for peace, but he always realised the possibility of war. He believed emphatically, in the truth of the old axiom *si vis pacem, para bellum*. So he was ever insistent upon an efficient Army and a strong Navy.

"The King wants to know," wrote Sir Arthur Davidson to Lord Fisher in 1909, "who it is to blame for letting Germany get ahead of us (in battleship construction)?"

He knew whither Prussianism and the Kaiser's insatiable ambitions were tending. His own aim was world peace, but he so laboured that if that peace were broken by the Central Powers, the result should be disastrous to them, and not to Britain.

In that sense and that sense alone the Kaiser owed his downfall to *L'oncle de l'Europe*.

KING EDWARD VII

The World of Europe

Supplement to the SATURDAY REVIEW

KING EDWARD VII



The King who was a specialist in the art of Kingship, had a genius for friendship and was the author of the "Entente Cordiale" with France. He combined *bonhomie* with great dignity, and his foresight laid the foundations for the defeat of the Kaiser's ambitions to dominate the world.

The Toss Up of the Tests

By William Pollock

(Author of "The Cream of Cricket")

THE fourth England v. Australia Test Match at the Headingley ground, Leeds has started.

To-day everything is excitingly even—a win for Australia at Nottingham, a win for England at Lord's, and a draw at Manchester. But by Tuesday next, what? Nobody knows, but vast numbers of people, including some sailors, do care.

I shall be at Leeds, and have a distinct feeling that this fourth match is going to be left drawn.

Why do I think that we shall have another draw here, leaving the fifth and last Test at Kennington Oval to be fought out to a war of attrition finish, the delirious players carried off in ambulances, the crazed spectators (if any, by about the tenth awful day) crying aloud for the end to come swiftly?

The answer is that, given equal fair weather conditions, there is precious little in it between the teams. The difference is as near a toss up as no matter. The Australians field a great deal better than we do, particularly in speed in chasing the ball and throwing it in—I would as lief watch that Bradman of theirs pick up the ball while he is going full tilt and bullet it back as most things in the game—and they have the best bowler of the lot, bar Larwood, W. J. O'Reilly. But England's batting is, or should reasonably be, superior.

A Tail-Spin Tip

Cricket is far above mere logic. It is a toss up. And when I say a toss up, I mean it almost literally. W. M. Woodfull, the quiet, good-mannered schoolmaster who captains the Australians, always has to do the calling to the toss in this country, and if he is calling to silver he should take my tip and call tails. As the best tossers know, silver does oftenest come down tails. Do not, I beg, ask me to explain why—but it is very kind of me to tell Woodfull.

It matters such a lot most times which side has choice of innings. Especially in these four day matches with the bowlers making big footholes and scratching the pitch with their hobnails and spikes and the wicket apt to go drought dusty, as it did at Nottingham. Put it this way: if you bat first, the chances are that you will not have to bat in the fourth innings. And no one wants that fourth innings . . . much.

Theoretically, the touring team should have a bit of a pull over the home country side in these Tests. The tourers are a more or less settled body—an entity. They have opportunities to get together, to find out and know and become accustomed to their weak and their strong points. They are in constant association both on and off the field and—no wives being allowed on the trip—all their quarrels should be little ones. True it is that team work does not enter into cricket as it does into football, but, all the same, sixteen men playing together for five months ought to have something "on" more scratch opponents. Anyhow, it has

worked out this way in the last six years. Thus: 1928-9.—England (in Australia) won 4 Tests out of 5.

1930.—Australia (in England) won 2 out of 3 finished.

1932-3.—England (in Australia) won 4 out of 5.

The thing is now: can Australia keep up it up? I will have a bob that we keep "the Ashes."

So far this somewhat hectic season, the luck has been just about fifty-fifty. R. E. S. Wyatt could not play at Nottingham because—ironically—his thumb was broken in a Test trial match, and the Australians got us on the run in the end. At Lord's some rain came and Hedley Verity sailed in and took fifteen wickets. At Manchester, Don Bradman and A. G. Chipperfield fell sick, but, to balance things, Wyatt and Walter Hammond made only four runs between them.

Yes, it is pretty even, but in two enormously important respects England is handicapped. D. R. Jardine, infinitely the best captain in the game, is writing about it. Harold Larwood, infinitely the best fast bowler, is . . . also writing.

I will say no more.

E^D.

PER WEEK

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Words to Rest On

A Sermon

By C. H. Spurgeon

(An example of the forceful, lucid oratory of the great preacher, whose centenary has recently been honoured.)

"And the people rested themselves upon the words of Hezekiah king of Judah."—2 Chronicles xxxii. 8

IT is very beautiful in reading the story of Hezekiah, to see how the people always went with him. God had prepared the nation for a change, and when the hour came the man came with it. Under his father Ahaz, the people had been idolaters, and had forsaken God; but, when Hezekiah became king, he had a zeal for the worship of Jehovah, and on the very threshold of his reign, he began what proved to be a glorious reformation in the land. He seems to have been a man who was attractive to the people, and they took up his line of things at once with enthusiasm. Whether he proposed to break down the idols, to cleanse the temple, or to bring the tithes into the house of God, they made no objection; but, on the contrary, they followed his word with much vigour and earnestness. It is a grand thing when God sends a man who can guide others aright; especially when, in times of apostasy and spiritual declension, a leader is given who becomes a guide back into the old paths. . . .

A Plea for Sincerity

Our first consideration shall be, *the kind of man whose words are likely to be rested on*. There are some in whose words you never have much confidence, because they are flippant in their utterance. They do not appear to be sincere, and those who hear them, make nothing of what they say, for they evidently make nothing of it themselves. You cannot rest in the words of a man who contradicts himself, nor rely much upon one who is of one opinion to-day, who will be of another opinion to-morrow, and who before the third day is over, will be seized with some other new notion. There are men whom we all know in whose word nobody is tempted to put any kind of trust whatever. But, thanks be to God, there are in the Christian church still some in whose words men do trust, men who are as transparent as the clearest crystal, and as reliable as the best steel.

Moreover, the man who will be trusted will be found to be a *good man*. If he be not really so, he will, at least, be thought to be so. Men will put great trust in the words of one whose life agrees with his teaching. If they can detect something inconsistent in his character, the man's power is ended; but if a man is evidently carried away with the one idea of being and doing good, and consumed with the purpose of glorifying God, then his utterances have power. I know a man who is not an orator; he speaks but very plainly; and yet, if I had my choice, I would sooner hear him than almost any man I ever heard, because,

when he speaks, I remember the wondrous life of faith in God, which accompanies his words.

Again, a man whose words are to be rested upon, must be a *courageous man*. . . . Courage in one man breeds courage in another, and one coward has the contagion of cowardice about him; many will turn tail when one runs. But, if a man stands like a rock, unmoved, he will soon have a body of others behind him who will have borrowed courage from his example. Paul in the storm is an example of this. I suppose he was a little insignificant-looking Jew, yet when the sailors and the soldiers were alarmed at the tempest, he calmly and quietly told them not to be afraid, and they borrowed courage from his faith. He told them that no harm would come to them! that though the ship would be lost, their lives had been given to him in answer to his prayer; and since they had fasted long, he bade them eat, and they did eat. All his orders were carried out as fully as if he had been the centurion in command of the soldiers, or the captain in charge of the ship. Because he was bold he made them brave; he commanded them, because he could command himself. Oh, my brothers and sisters, may you have the courage of your convictions! May you be brave enough to do right, and to speak right, and to stand up for the gospel, whoever rails at it! If you do, you have only to bide your time; and you will be master over meaner men who cannot be trusted.

Men Who Are Leaders

Further, a man who is to have his words much rested in, must also be a *hearty man*; indeed, he must be an enthusiast. Of such a spirit was Hezekiah, for we read in the last verse of the previous chapter. "And in every work that he began in the service of the house of God, and in the law, and in the commandments, to seek his God, he did it with all his heart." This is the kind of man whom people will follow. Let them but see that the whole of the man leads them, and not only a bit of him, and they will quickly learn to rely on his word. Put all your heart into what you do, or else put none of it in. There are some people who seem as if they have no heart, or at least their heart is only a kind of valve for the expulsion of blood, and not over vigorous in that direction, I fear. Any other kind of heart you cannot discover. Nobody will follow mere head. There must be heart displayed by the man who would have a hearty following. If you want to lead others aright, lead them by showing that you yourself love the way. Be intense; be emphatic; throw your whole being into it. Be hearty when you are working, when you are praying, when you are singing.

Gambler's Luck

A Tale of the Turf

By David Learmonth

IT was not always wise in the Eighteenth Century for a common chair man to make advances to a lady of quality. It was, to say the least of it, a bit of a gamble; for the only certainty about it was that one was most unlikely to remain a chair man. One might, of course, shoot up in the world; on the other hand one might fall unpleasantly low. This depended upon the attitude of the lady and upon how one handled the affair in general, which meant that success or failure was governed about as much by skill as are the profits from one of those modern nob-pressing fruit machines.

Dennis O'Kelly, however, was a gambler. Like most of his race he was dissatisfied with his lot. He had left his humble home, where his brother worked as a cobbler, in search of a fortune; and, though he knew little of the world as yet, he did know that honest chair men seldom amassed riches. But he was also shrewd enough to argue that a chair man would at least come into contact with the rich and, on the principle of getting among the money and trusting to his natural blarney to do the rest, he was well satisfied to give this profession a trial.

In the "profession" which he had selected as a stepping stone to fortune he was greatly aided by nature. He possessed a magnificent physique, had a smooth tongue, and a ready wit, and was entirely untroubled by scruples. It was, consequently, not long before he established a *liaison* with a lady of high degree and, more important from his point of view, considerable means.

The Romance Ends

Fate, however, ill rewarded such enterprise. It may have been that the young peasant, carried away by such spectacular success, was indiscreet; it may have been that sheer misfortune brought the affair to light. Anyhow, the romance came to an abrupt end and young O'Kelly found himself out of a job.

Moreover, he was without visible means of support. A man who has started on this most contemptible of all ways of making a living seldom provides for the future. He is apt to think himself irresistible and well able to find another fair supporter to take the place of one who has dropped out. But matters did not turn out like this. The profession of chair man was virtually barred to him; moreover, he had lost the taste for manual labour. Finding himself at the end of his tether he got a job as a billiards and tennis marker.

Though a chair man may be a good enough profession for one type of adventurer a billiard marker is not a bad apprenticeship for another. Although in a humble capacity, it gets one among the sporting fraternity, and in such surroundings

a smart youth can pick up a good many useful tips. By the time he had contrived another lucrative *liaison* O'Kelly had learnt enough to turn over his money to advantage.

The new attachment was not of so aristocratic a nature as his first venture. But the lady, Charlotte Hayes, had prospered in her profession and was at the time a courtesan of considerable renown. As a mistress she had a great advantage over a lady of noble birth, since the affair did not have to be clandestine. The couple got on well together from the start and eventually were married.

Owner of Eclipse

By now O'Kelly had developed into a shrewd bettor, and soon he was to be known as the greatest gambler of his day. By the time he was forty he was a rich man; some five years later he bought for six hundred and fifty guineas from a London meat dealer a half share in the celebrated Eclipse. He cleaned up colossal bets over its first race at Winchester, after which he bought the horse outright for a further eleven hundred guineas.

Eclipse netted him a considerable sum in bets and stakes and a fortune in stud fees and O'Kelly, who was fearless but never reckless, always calculating his chances before risking his money, became increasingly wealthy. He was not yet accepted socially and never was in the truest sense of the word; but he improved his position in this respect by buying a commission in the Militia first as a Captain and then as a Major and Colonel. This, added to the fact that he now possessed two country estates and a mansion in Piccadilly caused him to be accepted by the less fastidious members of society.

O'Kelly died in 1787 at the age of about 67, though the exact date of his birth is unknown. To his wife, Charlotte Hayes, he left for life the estate he had bought from William Hallett, whose grandfather had bought it from the trustees of the Duke of Chandos.

To his brother, Philip, he bequeathed his stallions Eclipse and Dungannon and all his brood mares, with instructions that they must be kept for breeding. To his nephew and heir, Andrew, he left his estate at Epsom and his horses in training, which were to be sold; and he ordered that he should forfeit five hundred pounds for every bet he should make. He evidently knew his nephew! He also provided for two nieces.

He was buried with great pomp in a vault at Whitchurch, near that of the Dukes of Chandos, a striking illustration of the fact that money can be made by betting.

Centenary of Coleridge

By Horace Wyndham

JUST a hundred years ago, on July 25, 1834, there died a poet of the very front rank who had once lived in an English barrack-room as a trooper of Dragoons. This was Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the author of perhaps the best known imaginative ballad in the language, "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner." The youngest son of a country clergyman, Samuel Taylor Coleridge was born in 1772. As his father had a quiverful of ten other children, and only a pittance on which to support them, an offer to admit this one to Christ's Hospital was eagerly accepted. Life as a Bluecoat boy at that period was rough; and young Samuel was bullied by his comrades and "birched for infidelity" by Bowyer, the headmaster, a rigid disciplinarian. Still, there were compensations, and he found a warm friend in Charles Lamb.

On leaving Christ's Hospital, as head boy, at the age of nineteen, Coleridge gained an exhibition of £40 a year at Cambridge. With this to help him, he went up to Jesus College as a sizar. At first he worked hard. He was awarded the Browne Medal for a Greek ode, and was among the "select" for the coveted Craven scholarship. Missing this by a few marks (due to his ignorance of mathematics) he became depressed, and, abandoning his books, got into bad company and ran up debts. His democratic opinions also incurred the disapproval of the authorities. As a result, he left Cambridge in a huff, and betook himself to London, where he proposed to earn a livelihood by his pen.

"The King's Shilling"

Beyond selling an occasional poem or getting a trifle for a review or magazine article, Coleridge's assault upon the editorial coffer was unproductive. But, rather than admit his failure, he accepted the "King's shilling" one morning and enlisted as a trooper in the 15th Dragoons. The name he adopted for the purpose was Silas Tomkyn Comberbach, which he had seen by chance on a shop window. Together with some brother recruits, he was sent to join his regiment at Reading, where, as a preliminary, he was questioned by the commanding officer, Colonel Churchill. "Are you ready to run a Frenchman through his guts with your sword?" he was asked. "I have never tried," was the answer, "but I am ready to let a Frenchman run his sword through me before I would run away from him."

This being considered the correct response, "Private Comberbach" was accepted. But he must have been a curious Dragoon, as he was quite unable to master the simplest drill or to stop on a horse for more than a couple of minutes. The result was, the adjutant and the sergeant-major kept him permanently in the "awkward squad." However, he was so well-meaning and good tempered that the officers treated him kindly and overlooked his slips. He was also befriended by

one of them, Captain Ogle, who selected him for the position of his orderly. While thus employed, he was recognised in the streets of Reading by a Cambridge acquaintance. His carefully hidden address was then discovered by his relatives; and, getting into touch with the colonel, they purchased his discharge (the arrangements being completed at the house of Miss Mitford's father) and sent him back to the University to finish his interrupted education. Thus ended the brief military career of "Private Comberbach," 15th Dragoons.

Coleridge's short-lived escapade, which had lasted less than four months, had not done him much good with the Cambridge authorities, and he left without taking a degree. Going to London, he resumed his acquaintance with Lamb, lectured on political subjects (with digs at Pitt), and wrote for the *Morning Chronicle*. He went on a long walking tour with Southey (an early "hiker"), and, having married, settled down among the Quantock Hills. There he had some thoughts of becoming a market gardener. But he was always full of odd ideas, one of which was, in conjunction with Southey, to establish a labour colony in America, "the working day not to exceed two hours." He also thought of entering the ministry, and preached several trial sermons for the Unitarians.

Wordsworth's Tribute

In the summer of 1795 Coleridge met Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy. The brother was a great admirer of him, and declared that he was "the only wonderful man I ever knew." They collaborated in a volume of "Lyrical Ballads," for which an optimistic publisher at Bristol gave them thirty guineas. Coleridge's principal contribution to the joint venture was his "Rime of the Ancient Mariner." The reviewers, however, were not well disposed, and the volume fell very flat. When the publisher failed, and parted with his stock to another firm, the value of the copyright was put down as "nil." In this juncture the brothers Wedgwood generously undertook to give Coleridge an annuity of £150, and he accompanied the Wordsworths on a trip to Germany. Returning to England, he settled at Keswick, where he wrote the second part of "Christabel" and put the finishing touches to his "Kubla Khan."

The last years of Coleridge were obscured by the shadow of ill-health. Like his friend de Quincey, he took to opium as a palliative. He took too much of it; and, notwithstanding all his efforts, he found it impossible to shake off the habit, except for short periods.

If he had never written anything else, "The Ancient Mariner," "Christabel," and "Kubla Khan," will always secure for Samuel Taylor Coleridge a lasting place among the poets who count.

PITT'S ECCENTRIC NIECE

IN these days we have ceased to wonder at the adventurous spirit which leads Englishwomen to explore little known portions of Asia, Africa or Arabia, to consort with Bedouin Sheiks or place their lives trustingly in the hands of robber chieftains.

A hundred years ago things were very different.

So it is easy to understand with what amazement, not unmingled with horror, the Eastern adventures of Lady Hester Stanhope — Chatham's granddaughter and Pitt's niece — were then regarded. She was certainly more than a little eccentric.

As Pitt's official hostess, she scandalised the Town by her indiscretions, and twitted her uncle's colleagues with her sharp wit.

Had Sir John Moore not been killed at Corunna, she might have married him and so escaped further notoriety.

As it was, after Pitt's death, she left England for the Near East with her young lover and tame, but faithful doctor.

"Queen of the Arabs"

Thereafter she entertained Turkish Effendis in her Turkish villa on the Bosphorus, endeavoured to secure a passport to France for the purpose of interviewing Napoleon, then proceeded to Egypt and, in the "fancy" costume of a Tunisian Bey, was received by Mehemet Ali, Viceroy of the land of the Pharaohs, next passed on to Syria and in Zenobia's capital Palmyra was crowned "Queen of the Arabs," started treasure hunting for the Sultan of Turkey, and finally wound up by establishing herself at Djoun in the Lebanon, where she became a thorn in the side of Ibrahim Pasha, who never dared to touch her when she incontinently defied him and his myrmidons.

Like Pitt and Chatham she had a positive genius for spending money and getting into debt. Pitt's debts were cleared off by a grateful nation; but poor Hester Stanhope in the end even had proudly to resign the pension that had been granted to her.

Her fascinating story is set out with a wealth of lively detail in Miss Joan Haslip's latest book ("Lady Hester Stanhope," Cobden-Sanderson, 10s. 6d.). This is how she explains her heroine to us:

The blood of Diamond Pitt (East India trader and Governor of Madras) had become infused in two families. The ruthless old pioneer had left a dangerous heritage which sometimes flared into genius or smouldered into insanity. The two streams of blood, diverging from Diamond Pitt, met again in Hester Stanhope. Qualities and defects were alike intensified and she was too proud and virile to live the decorous life of a respectable high-born spinster.

Miss Haslip has succeeded in unearthing a good deal of fresh material concerning Lady Hester's career and she has given us a book which it is a real delight to read.

REMINISCENCES

MRS. WHARTON has had a literary career going back to the nineties. She has been a prolific writer, but in everything she has written there has been a charm of style that was at once arresting.

This distinctive feature is not absent from her reminiscences just published ("A Backward Glance," D. Appleton-Century Company, 10s. 6d.).

They introduce us to her early years as well as to that more spacious existence which came to her with her fame.

It is perhaps surprising that she ever took to writing novels in face of her mother's disapproval of that class of literature. But family discouragement was perhaps not wholly a disadvantage, since it turned the youthful Edith Jones' tastes into more classic channels and thus served to create a style which, with the qualities noted below, has won for Mrs. Wharton her literary reputation.

Henry James and Theodore Roosevelt

Henry James was of course, one of Mrs. Wharton's closest friends, and in her reminiscences she tells us much about him. There is one entertaining anecdote illustrating his inability to come down to the mind of a simple rustic whom he had asked in a most circumlocutory manner to direct him on his way. The ancient yokel he addressed was in danger of being drowned with his torrent of words when Mrs. Wharton eventually intervened.

"Do ask him where the King's-road is."

"Ah. The King's-road? Just so. Quite right. Can you, as a matter of fact, my good man, tell us where, in relation to our present position, the King's-road is?"

"Ye're in it," said the aged face.

Here is what Theodore Roosevelt said to her after his accession to the American Presidency:

"Well, I am glad to welcome to the White House someone to whom I can quote 'The Hunting of the Snark' without being asked what I mean. Would you believe it," he added, "no one in the Administration has ever heard of Alice, much less of the Snark, and the other day, when I said to the Secretary of the Navy: 'Mr. Secretary, *What I say three times is true*,' he did not recognise the allusion and answered with an aggrieved air: 'Mr. President, it would never for a moment have occurred to me to impugn your veracity?'"

Mrs. Wharton has always written about life exactly as it has appeared to her. Eminently sane in her own outlook, she has resolutely declined to fall into the grooves sometimes suggested to her. As she says:

I think it was Edwin Godkin, then the masterly Editor of the New York "Evening Post," who said that the choice of articles in American magazines was entirely determined by the fear of scandalising a non-existent clergyman in the Mississippi Valley; and I made up my mind from the first that I would never sacrifice my literary conscience to this ghostly censor.

Add to this determination a true sense of proportion, an understanding, sympathetic mind and a distinctive style and we have the foundations on which Mrs. Wharton's literary fame rests.

The Man of Mystery

[REVIEWED BY ASHLEY SAMPSON]

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE wrote many good books and a few bad ones—said some very shrewd things and a few very foolish ones—visited strange tracts of the mind as an author and of the body as a doctor; but he only created one character. In the midst of his almost voluminous fiction, in a corner which he himself affected to despise—emerged the stark, cold, austere, vital figure of Sherlock Holmes. Outside the novels of Dickens it is doubtful whether any character in English fiction is so popular; and I doubt whether there is a single home in England where his name has not been mentioned. Even if Mr. Vincent Starrett had not revived him in "The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes" (Ivor Nicholson & Watson, 8s. 6d.), his name and his fame would have survived long after his creator's mere literary achievements had perished.

It must not be supposed, however, that this is in any sense a Sherlock Holmes anthology, or that Mr. Starrett has merely echoed the Holmes of the detective stories. For the man of mystery here becomes the man of solid reality; and we have peeps into his private habits, his ancestry and education, his pleasure in Turkish baths and picture galleries, and his deplorable mania for cocaine. Still more startling disclosures from the world which he has so vitally penetrated, reveal the locality of 221B, Baker Street, his treatise on one hundred and forty varieties of tobacco ash, and the Baker Street engine which bears his name to this day, and lastly of his creator.

The Real Holmes

Then Mr. Starrett says in one of the last paragraphs of a remarkable book, when he deals with the death of Sherlock Holmes:

"He died upon the 7th day of July, the year being 1890, at his home in Crowborough, Sussex—Windlesham he called it—in the person of the man who had created him. For true as it may be that the model for the immortal detective was Dr. Joseph Bell, of Edinburgh, there can be little doubt that the real Holmes was Conan Doyle himself . . . From first to last—as student, physician, writer, spiritualist, and prophet of the war—he was always the private detective, the seeker after hidden truths, the fathomer of obscure mysteries, the hound of justice upon the trail of injustice and official apathy."

The literature of Sherlock Holmes does, of course, bulk largely in his biography; but Mr. Starrett gossips delightfully the whole time—never forgetting our private curiosities. It will be a revelation to many of his readers that the man of mystery was for long cold-shouldered by the publishing world. The sale of "A Study in Scarlet" was a shameful affair, but it was not long before Sherlock Holmes was a welcome guest at every English hearth; and when, at the close of the Memoris, Sir Arthur killed him off, there seems to have been something like a revolution in the drawing-rooms and libraries of the country! The "Return" stories were perhaps a failure; but it must be admitted that "The Valley of Fear" and

"The Hound of the Baskervilles"—though both of them products of his resurrection—are among the best studies in detective fiction.

At the close, Mr. Starrett provides us with a complete Holmes bibliography, a list of studies and reviews of interest to the student, and a set of examination papers. The book is indeed an exhaustive one; but it is not a long one. Moreover, its style is admirably adapted to suit the tastes of all those lovers of Sherlock Holmes—a noble assemblage of squires, gardeners, schoolboys, bishops, postmen, judges, doctors and an innumerable company of women judging by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's postbag. For I think that Holmes disclosed just that power of attraction which distinguishes perhaps one character in a generation—a power that compels our curiosity; and so makes brothers of us all.

* * *

Napoleon's Last Campaign

WHEN Napoleon escaped from Elba, the Duke of Wellington was at Vienna in the throes of a peace conference. Events moved slowly to begin with in this great, though short-lived, European drama which culminated three months later at Waterloo.

The Emperor reached Paris and no movement was made against him. He formed his Government in peace, he mobilised his army, and still there was no sign of hostility, though there was an ominous silence from the rest of Europe. His overtures to England were ignored and his letters of entreaty to Marie Louise, asking her to rejoin him in Paris, were met with stony silence.

Then the storm burst. Napoleon, hungry for a *coup* to consolidate his popularity with the French nation, marched on Brussels. Wellington, with Blücher in support, met him at Waterloo. Within twenty-four hours, the battle had been fought and Napoleon's bid for the mastery of Europe had failed. The rest is history.

Mr. Guedalla, in "The Hundred Days" (Peter Davis, 5s.) recounts the story once again. He gives a detailed account of Napoleon's short period of power, of his difficulties with the Government, of his longing to lead an army into battle. He traces Napoleon's idea of an attack on Belgium from its birth in Elba to its death at Waterloo. But, unlike so many historians, Mr. Guedalla does not search for excuses as to why Napoleon lost the battle. He doesn't say: "But for the stupidity of Ney, or Soult, or Grouchy, Napoleon would have had the victory." He is content to attribute the French defeat to the Duke of Wellington's superiority as a general and, judging from the actual course of the battle, it must be admitted that the Duke's handling of his troops was remarkably clever.

It is a book worth reading, not only for the descriptive prose of which Mr. Guedalla is a past-master, but also for the detail with which the story is written.

A PRO-GERMAN RECANTS

TO write a book that makes public the "disagreeable and humiliating admission" that its author had been completely "mistaken about Germany for fifteen years" must have taken a good deal of courage. The book is entitled "Germany Unmasked" (Hopkinson, 5s.), and the author is Robert Dell, who was Paris correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* before the War, and who since the War, up to a short time ago, was very well known, through his articles in the *New Statesman* and other papers, as strongly pro-German in his views. Nazism has caused him to recant, and he now tells us that the "real Germany has come back." After long years of blindness, his eyes have been opened to the truth by Hitler. But the real Germany, of which he wrote—to be frank—such a lot of nonsense, was always there! He knows it now.

He is quite candid about it. He says:—

It was the Germany that I knew in 1922-25 that was deceptive and misled so many of us, especially those who, like myself, had known little of pre-war Germany. The Germany of 1922-25 seemed as different from that of 1934 as the Germany of 1934 is different from that of 1922-25, but the former difference was only superficial and the real Germany has come back. Not that the Nazi régime is a mere revival of pre-war Prussian militarism—it is something far worse. One regrets the Hohenzollerns. As it is now clear that the Germans have no political sense—which really means that they have no common sense—and are incapable of self-government, it would have been better if the Kaiser had remained. Here, again, I was mistaken.

What Hitlerism Really Is

The unmasking of Germany by Mr. Dell does not differ very much from its unmasking by other observers and correspondents, as, for example, Mr. Mowrer in "Germany puts the Clock Back." He does not present new facts, but he does pile up a tremendous case, so to speak, for the prosecution. The recent Hitler *coup*, which of course took place after the book was written, would strengthen still further his contention or rather plain statement that Hitlerism is just barbarism. He considers the Nazi régime as a frontal attack on Western civilisation, and believes that Europe is threatened with a new "invasion of the barbarians."

As a polemic this book is first rate. Its special value lies in its damning exposure of the English version—"translation," it calls itself—of Hitler's "Mein Kampf." The *Saturday* has more than once called attention to the extraordinary demerits of this bowdlerised and much abridged thing entitled, "My Struggle." Mr. Dell points out that it is not only an abridgement of the original by nearly two-thirds, but that it is also guilty of systematic false pretences as it omits, vitiates or otherwise alters the meaning of very many important passages.

It is noteworthy that these changes have been made for the purpose of misinforming the English reader. Mr. Dell also does good work by giving the full text in German, with an adequate English translation, of the secret instructions for German propaganda to German agents in America.

SOME TALK OF ALEXANDER

A Hero for 2,000 Years

IT is an extraordinary tribute to the greatness of Alexander of Macedon that his name is still held in reverence in many of the wildest and least civilised parts of Asia to-day, over two thousand years after his death.

And the more one contemplates his achievements the more astonishing they appear: this long series of conquests that carried him in triumph from the Dardanelles through Asia Minor to Palestine and Egypt, and from Mesopotamia, through Persia into Afghanistan, Bokhara and India as far as the River Beas in the Punjab, with the return journeys for his hosts by sea through the Indian Ocean and Persian Gulf and by land via Baluchistan and Seistan.

And then the man himself. A veritable Apollo for looks, with a courage that matched them; a magnetic personality that suggested the God he half thought himself to be. Like Caesar after him, he could quell mutiny with a word. Caesar's "Dimitto vos, *Quirites*" to his 10th Legion is paralleled by Alexander's device of calling Persians his "kinsmen" to bring his revolting soldiery to heel.

A Hero without Faults

A fit subject for hero worship and his latest biographer, Professor F. A. Wright, of the University of London, gives us this in full measure in his "Alexander the Great" (Routledge, 10s. 6d.)

For Professor Wright there are no spots in this sun. Alexander "never in his life committed a mean or dishonourable act."

Professor Wright accepts blindly the accounts furnished by Alexander's panegyrists of the deaths of Philotas, Parmenio, Callisthenes and Cleitus—all men who had served Alexander well. Alexander is credited with the ambition of establishing a universal brotherhood of man; "the effect of his conquests in widening the horizon of men's minds can only be compared to the discovery of America in the fifteenth century." He is the greatest and most compelling figure in all history.

There were many rulers before Alexander who established great empires and extended their dominion over wide lands, and there were many after his time. Thotmes in Egypt, Sennacherib in Assyria, and Darius I in Persia preceded him: Charles the Great in Germany, Charles V in Spain and Louis XIV in France followed in later ages. There were many Generals also who may compare with him in military skill; Epaminondas, Hannibal and Caesar in ancient history, Gustavus Adolphus, Marlborough and Napoleon in modern days. But no one of his predecessors had the wish, and no one of his successors had the power to give, as he gave, a superior civilisation to those whom they conquered: no one endeavoured, as he endeavoured, to weld all the peoples of his empire into one harmonious nation.

If Professor Wright sometimes seems to pass almost to the verge of idolatry in his eulogy of Alexander, he has at least the excuse that his hero's exploits have captured the imagination of every age since the middle of the third century B.C.

LATEST FICTION

SLEUTHS

TWO GOOD FIRST NOVELS

CLEVER characterisation, a reposeful style and a sure touch in handling a difficult theme lend particular interest to what appears to be a first essay in novel writing—Aishie Pharall's "Infidelity" (Methuen, 7s. 6d.). This is the story of a broken romance, an unwise marriage and the partial renewal of the old love leading to disillusionment of the woman.

Another first novel of considerable power and originality is Mr. Arthur T. Rich's "Mount and Multitude" (Skeffington and Son, 7s. 6d.). Here the central figure is a Congregational Minister of strong personality, who, coming to take charge of a Church in a London suburb, finds himself faced with the problems of unemployment and the active hostility of a wealthy deacon. Under stress of much suffering his faith wavers for a time, but he perseveres with his task and finally wins through with his faith regained.

AN AMUSING TALE

From 6 a.m. to midnight of a single day is the time limit Miss Sylvia Thompson allows herself for introducing to us in "Breakfast in Bed" (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.), a large company of singularly entertaining characters, including a somewhat pompous, but otherwise pleasant M.P., his wife, daughter and daughter's lover, and the household staff. A crisply told, amusing tale which reveals no little insight into the cockney mind, a region this versatile young authoress has hitherto left unexplored.

A THRILLER

Mr. Russell Thorndike in "Jet and Ivory" (Rich and Cowan, 8s. 6d.), provides us with a first-class thriller, with plenty of excitement in it arising from the intrigues of an Egyptian Prince and an African courtesan, and involving the rescue of the heroine from dire danger by her subaltern lover on two separate occasions. To add further zest to the story, we have that most mysterious of all places, an elephant burial ground, as the central scene. The "sex" element is somewhat pronounced, but, as a relief, we have the humorous back-chat of the British Camel Corps troopers.

"The Lord of the Manor" (Heinemann, 7/6) is the novelised form of an amusing play that had a very successful run at one of the London theatres some years ago. Its author, Mr. Hastings Turner, has the gift of making the impossible seem real, and his book, like his play, is exceedingly funny.

HEAVEN AT LAST

A family shut away from the outer world in a remote country village, with their isolation increased as the years pass through the mother's fears communicated to her children; then the isolation suddenly broken down, with tragedy as the consequence; and finally the prospect of happiness for the father and surviving child through the offer of a ready-made Utopia: this set of circumstances form the basis of a novel of somewhat unusual type, which is also distinguished for a certain imaginative, if elusive, charm. The book is called "Rumour of Heaven" (Methuen, 7s. 6d.), and it is by Beatrix Lehmann.

The ways of the bookie and commission agent and the mysteries of such things as laying off and converting a treble that must fail into a double that wins, are set out for our delectation in a racing yarn, "The Devil's Tail" (Graysons, 7s. 6d.), by Lawrence David. Here the hero is a professional betting man and the heroine an engaging young Jewess whose marriage to a German fortunately proves to have been invalid, leaving her free in the end, after a great betting coup, to make the hero happy and to purchase with him a yearling farm.

By RICHARD KEVERNE

TWO books, under this heading this week, come because of the false pretences of their titles. One, Gilbert Frankau's volume of short stories "Secret Services" (Hutchinson's, 7/6) is justified by the first seven of its sixteen stories. They narrate adventures of the romantic Marcus Orlando of Department Y, a nebulous political department that works very closely with the better known C.I.D. Of these I think "The Secret of the Steppes," a tale of spying in Russia, the best. But Mr. Frankau's very much polished technique agrees better with less adventurous themes. "A Matter of Adjustment," a story founded on "wheel wobble," which, as all motorists know is a grim business, provides the most amusing story of the lot.

HIGH-MINDED ROGUES

The second "Sleuth-crasher" is "Poison in Kensington" by Charles Kingston (Ward Lock, 7/6). It begins well. A poor but ambitious doctor bargains with a financier who has poisoned an immensely rich uncle. He demands half the inheritance to give a death certificate of natural causes instead of informing the authorities that arsenic deliberately administered was the true cause of death. Of course the financier has to agree, and I anticipated the two precious rogues at one another's throats through three hundred pages. Instead of which the story went all soppy, and the doctor rogue was presented as a high-minded benefactor of mankind. Personally, I don't believe in high-minded blackmailers who connive in murder, and the explanatory kick at the end didn't change my opinion. Also once again the dust cover leaked ink on to my hands. But that's the publisher's fault, not the author's.

A SERIOUS BUSINESS

The "3-7-9 Murder" by Guy Morton (Skeffington, 7/6) is one of those murder-mystery stories for people who ask rather work than recreation for a thriller. I mean it's all crammed full of clues, and if you sit down with sheets of paper and make notes as you read, you may deduce the answer before the author confides it in you. You may, even if you don't make the notes. They tell me that there is a big public which likes this sort of story. This, then, is its book. But I felt disappointed because, again, the story opened well, with a challenging letter from the "Arch-Murderer" to the detective that he was about to commit the undetectable and perfect murder, and I wanted to be thrilled while I read how the detective dished him, without having to make notes.

A FILL OF THRILLS

But I had a fill of thrills out of "Money Buys Everything," by Roy Vickers (Jenkins, 7s. 6d.). Here the hypothesis is that of a millionaire who bribes a girl to face a charge of murder, the real murderer being his own daughter. Preposterous, you say. So did I. But I read the story clean through, because Mr. Vickers has the art of interesting you so much that you are uncritical of his impossibilities. You revel in the wild things his people do, and wish they would do more. For sheer recreation after a tiring day, I commend this book to those who only seek amusement.

THE CORPSE ON THE BEACH

"Stark Naked" by Lawrence R. Bourhe (Frederick Muller, 7/6) is a good story with some novel ideas and a sea setting. Even if coincidence does enter rather too much into the tale of a stark naked corpse found on a Welsh beach it does not distract from the interest of the book. A feature of "Stark Naked" is that the reader is allowed to participate in some of the thrills of the criminal, and I often think that it is more exciting to run with the hare than to hunt with the hounds. There is some excellent description of small yacht sailing and a grand chase among the reefs off the Irish coast to finish up. Amateur sailormen note, and add "Stark Naked" to your boat's library this season.

SHORTER NOTICES

MISS CORYN having given us one remarkably clever historical novel has now turned to history proper and written a biography of William the Conqueror or "The Acquirer" as she prefers to call him after the story told by Wace of the old woman, who, looking down on the infant son of Arlette and Robert the Devil as he clutched the straw whereon he was lying, exclaimed: "See his hands are full. Surely he should be named Acquirer." ("The Acquirer," Arthur Barker, 9/-).

The charm of Miss Coryn's book is that it reads half as a novel and half as a serious historical work. Her main object is to present us the man as he really was, with all his faults and his greatness, and in this she unquestionably succeeds. She also provides us out of the wealth of her researches with a clear vision of the age in which the Conqueror lived and fought his way, after quelling rebellion in his Dukedom, to his English Crown.

For the interest of her story one can readily forgive her her "overly" attachment to strange forms of speech such as "misliked him" "to destitute his new subjects." Here is one sample of her delightful picture-making in words: William's wife Mathilde has come to plead for her son Robert. "As always, the sound of her voice fell on the flame of his anger like summer rain on a bonfire. At first there was much sputtering and crackling, a great to-do of sparks and hissing spirals of steam; then came the heavy coils of sullen smoke; and after that there was nothing left but feeble embers, that the steady falling of that gentle rain beat slowly into cold ashes." So was his fierce temper tamed to quietness.

OUR ENGLISH TREES

Most of us love our trees, though not all of us, it is to be feared, can identify all the trees we admire so much in our parks and in the country. Miss Barbara Briggs has already published one delightful book on "Our Friendly Trees," with coloured plates and line drawings by herself to illustrate her text. And now she has added a sequel to this book under the title "Some other

Friendly Trees" (The Lutterworth Press, 8/6), this also being illustrated in the same charming manner as her previous book. She now deals with the hawthorn, walnut, holm oak, hazel, lime, elder, cedar, field maple, sweet chestnut, rowan, wild cherry, hornbeam, apple, Chili pine, false acacia and box. A book that should be sure of a warm welcome in many an English home.

INDIAN RYOTS' INDEBTEDNESS

By C. F. Strickland

The Indian peasant farmer has been smitten as hard by the agricultural depression as the farmers of any country, and his indebtedness is now in many cases intolerable.

In a search for remedies, Mr. Gureshi ("The Farmer and his Debt" by A. I. Gureshi, Indian Rural Reconstruction League: 2s. 6d.) has visited Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, and examined their recent legislation for farmers' protection and debt relief.

The conclusion to which his book appears obviously to lead is that Dominion methods are inapplicable to India, since the large-scale farmers and the peasants stand in very different circumstances and respond to different treatment.

The author does not, however, himself announce any conclusion, and is about to pursue the question in America. What India really needs is an intensive and sustained campaign of rural education and betterment, attacking the problem of village reconstruction from every side at once. The puzzle of indebtedness cannot be solved alone, but only in combination with the improvement of agriculture, the teaching of hygiene, and the general enlightenment of the cultivator and his wife by means of rural broadcasting and many similar activities.

Mr. Gureshi's suggestions of debt adjustment and rural insolvency, while sound in themselves, will only be effective as part of a movement on a very wide front.

Persecution of the Motorist

By our Motoring Correspondent

THE attitude of the Government as represented by the Ministry of Transport towards the private motorist is becoming nothing less than a form of persecution. The new Minister, Mr. Hore-Belisha, who knows nothing of the subject, a few days ago issued a statement which is thoroughly prejudiced. "This mass murder on the roads must stop," he said. He was striking directly at the motorist. He is the "mass murderer."

* * *

The "mass murder" was based on the return that in the preceding week 180 persons had been killed by accidents on the roads of Great Britain. I have not the figures before me as to the injured but it was something in the region of 3,000. Regrettable as these figures are they are not anything very enormous considering the population of over fifty millions and the execrable roads which the Government provides, owing to the fact that half the income they derive from taxation of motors is stolen for other purposes. Nor, in view of the carelessness of a proportion of pedestrians, who treat motors with contempt.

* * *

Before the Ministry of Transport took over the task of collecting the figures the Safety First Association analysed and issued detailed returns of accidents. We were then able to distinguish how far the various road users were responsible for the different proportions of accidents. The last statistics thus issued showed that only 17 per cent. of fatal accidents involved the private motorist. The pedestrian was responsible for 35 per cent. The motor cyclist and particularly the pedal cyclist accounted for a much larger proportion. Yet, when Mr. Hore Belisha blares forth his statement of "mass murder on the roads" he clearly has in his mind only one class of road user, namely the motor driver.

* * *

The Government statistics for 1933 revealed the striking fact that such motor accidents as led to fatalities were mainly at slow speeds. No fewer than 62 per cent. occurred when vehicles were moving at 20 miles per hour or less and when accidents occur at such low speeds the inference is that in a large proportion of cases pedestrians stepping off in front of moving vehicles were themselves to blame. But there is another great and growing cause of accidents, namely the pedal cyclist, and the Government for electoral reasons conveniently ignore the pedal cyclist.

* * *

Why he should be allowed to remain unchecked a potential danger to himself and others is only to be explained by the fact that it is estimated there are no fewer than ten million pedal cyclists in the country. They pay no tax, they are unregistered, most of them give no warning at night except for a reflector usually dirty and almost invisible a few yards away, and many do not even condescend to carry that slight warning. They swarm along the roads, swing recklessly right or left as the mood takes them, and frequently ride two or three abreast. A motor car is at least visible and usually audible but the cyclist takes the motorist and the pedestrian by surprise. As a motor-owner and driver of over 25 years' experience, I say unhesitatingly that the pedal cyclist is the greatest menace to the roads and that with the cheapness of a cycle it is daily growing greater. Yet not a word is said on the subject by Mr. Hore-Belisha.

Another serious menace is the presence of vast lorries, often with one, two, or even three trailers, which are no less than miniature trains. These hulking machines cannot stop in a sudden emergency like a private car. They block the roads, obstruct the view and if the holocaust of the roads is to be checked the first duty of the Minister of Transport should be to legislate against the continuance of this form of traffic for which our mostly narrow and winding roads are totally unsuited. Proportionately the accidents caused by unwieldy lorries and vans are altogether disproportionate to their numbers and they are responsible not only directly but indirectly for many terrible crashes.

* * *

Lying behind all these factors however the real culprit responsible for this "mass murder" is the Government which bleeds the motor owner for enormous taxes directly and indirectly, and in return instead of using the funds to lay roads up and down the country fitted for the huge demands of motor traffic steals half the income for other purposes altogether. Our roads with few exceptions are quite unfitted for the strain placed on them. Every motorist sees clear evidence of compromise, skimmed worth, and dangerous cambers. The Government take the money under false pretences, and it is a gross insult on the top of it to find a new and prejudiced Minister of Transport come along and convict the motorist unjudged as a potential murderer. It is high time this false outlook were fought by the entire motoring fraternity.

38 OUT

OF THE 43

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THE WORLD'S FASTEST OIL

CORRESPONDENCE

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S WAR MEMOIRS

SIR,—Mr. Lloyd George can no more change his feline instincts than the leopard its spots.

His War Memoirs, published by the *Daily Telegraph*, are the crowning damnation of a political career of slush and mush. They show him to be congenitally vainglorious and utterly devoid of heart and the constituents of a true gentleman.

Mr. Lloyd George's vulgar endeavours to belittle Earl, formerly Sir Douglas Haig, and Sir William Robertson, now that those two gallant commanders are no longer on earth and capable of vindicating their military reputations, is beneath contempt. It is the behaviour of a megalomaniac! But, apart from the consideration decently due to the dead, is Mr. Lloyd George so hopelessly lacking in elementary chivalry as to have no regard for the feelings of Countess Haig and Lady Robertson?

What ineffable anguish and humiliation must they not both be enduring, having read daily in the Press Mr. Lloyd George's reckless diatribes, directed against their illustrious husbands and other generals, dead or dying, to all of whose united abilities a military machine was created (practically out of nothing, and within eighteen months) which ultimately smashed the German army—the product of generations of incessant development—and saved Britain from irreparable disaster.

The following are a few of many facts which Mr. Lloyd George has carefully omitted to mention in his memoirs and which the public might care to know:—

(1) His Parliamentary career, prior to the Great War, consisted mostly in fomenting labour unrest and class hatred;

(2) His National Insurance and Old Age Pensions schemes, for which the Liberal Government of the day got so much cudos, he borrowed, practically *en bloc*, from Germany;

(3) During the South African War 1899-1902, he and other Little Englanders used to cheer in Parliament on receipt of news of British reverses at the front.

Britain's War Unreadiness

(4) For years preceding the outbreak of the European War of 1914, he consistently strove by every means in his power in Parliament, both before and after he became a responsible Cabinet Minister, to cut down the army and navy to a minimum. And it was very largely to his pettifogging vote-catching methods and unpatriotic partisanship, that England owed her military unpreparedness and her dangerous deficiency in capital naval units in 1914;

(5) The ordinary layman can have no conception under what multitudinous difficulties the British army's leaders laboured before the War, owing to the criminal parsimonious folly of the Liberal Government with regard to military affairs—organisation, training, and equipment. Consequently, it speaks volumes for the administrative resourcefulness and tactical skill of our generals and their harassed staffs that, notwithstanding the inadequate troops and equipment at their disposal at the outbreak of the conflict, they succeeded in stemming the German onslaught in August, 1914 and, then, in pegging the Germans in September to the Aisne and their other lines of defence, to which they retired after the battle of the Marne, until Great Britain, and the Empire had had time to build up a properly organised fighting machine.

(6) I fully recognise the laudable energy displayed by Mr. Lloyd George during the War years, and especially in connection with remedying the somnolent Asquithian Cabinet's disgraceful shell shortage for which untold thousands of our troops paid with their lives.

Nevertheless, I should like to point out that one of the men, to whom Mr. Lloyd George owed the nucleus organisation whereby his later enhanced production of shells and munitions was rendered feasible, was General von Donop, R.A., whose great services were never sufficiently recognised by our Government, firstly, because of the German name he bore, and, secondly, because any recognition of what he had done, might have detracted from Mr. Lloyd George's own personal glory as the

deus ex machina responsible for the production of munitions.

Hence, I leave it to your readers to decide for themselves which of the two types of public servants they esteem most: either Mr. Lloyd George, the professional politician, par excellence, who has never risked his life for his country, and who, throughout his long parliamentary career of cant and rant, has almost invariably placed party interests before National ones and his own personal interests above all others? or Earl Haig and Sir William Robertson, both of whom had many a time faced death on the battlefield, and who never permitted any other considerations to dictate their actions, save those of unswerving devotion to duty and of selfless love for their country?

*Lightly they'll speak of the spirit that's gone
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,
But little he'll reck if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Britain has laid him!*

L. GRAHAM SCOTT.

24, Neville Street,
Onslow Gardens, S.W.7.

The Whitehall War Wizard

SIR,—If we are to believe Mr. Lloyd George, he alone won the Great War. The High Command was useless; it didn't even have any imagination—which, after his memoirs, we must all agree Mr. Lloyd George has in abundance.

The fact seems to be that soldiers know nothing about running a war. Worse still, it is really they who are responsible for Britain's unreadiness to fight.

Hasn't Mr. Lloyd George proved that the Crimean horrors were really the result of "military negligence which created one of the worst military scandals in history?"

There you are. It's all so simple. The politicians, highly imaginative, patriotic souls, may cut down our defence forces to a minimum to find money for more deserving political objects. But it is the military who are to blame if we are unready to fight.

The politicians are always there to help them with patriotic speeches during the struggle and biting criticism afterwards. Could anything be more reasonable?

And consider this, too: the politicians with their plentiful supply of imagination can always at a moment's notice produce magnificent strategic schemes, far better than any professional military staff can devise.

Ergo abolish our useless soldiery and send our politicians to the front.

UNIMAGINATIVE SOLDIER.

Naval and Military Club.

The Cry of the Unemployed

SIR,—Love of Country, Pride at the achievements and the greatness of our Empire—these things will stand for ever to the Patriotic man. But why, oh why, should he be compelled to waste his time in enforced idleness in the direst of poverty and despair? If Citizenship means anything at all, it surely means protection. By Protection, I mean to be safeguarded and protected by his country, since he is a unit of that country, against unemployment and the bitter consequences of it. There are those of us middle-aged men to-day who can foresee nothing but evil in the continual decline of the moral of our home life, caused largely by the influx of youth into industry, without that help and steadying influence which only the experienced man can give.

We would welcome with open arms any suggestions or proposals the Government could give for the utilisation of our services in any way, and I assure you the Country could not have more loyal and devoted servants.

All that we ask is that some confidence be reposed in us and given to us, so that we may be heartened and encouraged to carry on in these difficult times.

ALEXANDER RENNIE.

12, Marlborough Road, N.19.

CORRESPONDENCE

Mr. RUNCIMAN A RELIC

SIR,—Mr. Runciman never spoke a truer word than when he said that "lack of principle is always expensive". When Mr. Baldwin allowed Mr. MacDonald to send him to the Board of Trade he saddled this Coalition Government not with a luxury but with a recurring liability. Mr. Runciman is, in truth, the old man of the sea, and industrialists pray for the day when he will go to the House of Lords. His father's peerage is the one act of the present Administration that has received universal approval.

What brought Mr. Runciman back in 1931? He had definitely announced he was never going to stand for Parliament again.

Before the war he refused to believe that war with Germany was inevitable, he abused Lord Roberts, he confessed that "Armaments expansion was gall and wormwood."

He is, he will appreciate the phrase, something of a cold fish; a temperance reformer, a nonconformist, a Free Trader. The three thieves who have stolen away England's virility are shown to their best advantage in him, but we dislike them just as much.

The wheel has turned full circle and he finds himself back again in charge of our nation's trade. What is the policy he is pursuing? At Cardiff in April he congratulated the Government on reducing the power of the Capitalists. He has made, and is still making, trade agreements with foreign countries while he ignores our industries at home and, by omission, insults our brothers overseas. He worries about "The World Fraternity" (to which he claims to belong); our Imperial responsibilities mean nothing to him. He still hankers after your Free Trade.

I would say, "You, Mr. Runciman, are the epitome of Liberalism, a relic from the past. In a modern world there is no place for you. A healthy nation should long ago have done with you. You stand in office a shameful indication of our own feebleness and moral cowardice. Be warned before the tempest arises, cut adrift while you may."

SENAC.

Rail Strike Talk

SIR,—Railway Union leaders are more than hinting at the possibility of a strike. One leader talks of the men "holding themselves in readiness for strike action," and another declares that they will have "no alternative but a strike," if wages are not advanced.

Such talk is likely to make more people arrange to use the roads for their holiday travelling, and so reduce railway employment and revenue.

All of us have not forgotten the inconveniences caused by a sudden railway strike in a holiday period some years ago. Are some union leaders (paid agitators) mad?

What justification is there for railway wages as they stand, to say nothing of higher wages? Per man-hour of duty, per unit of labour, rail wages are nearly, if not fully, 125 per cent. above pre-war level. Cost of living is only 88 per cent. higher.

Farmers and some other producers are getting no more—in some cases less—than pre-war prices, but have to pay 50 per cent. more in rail rates on the goods they buy and sell. Tens of thousands of thrifty people who invested in railways, enabled the railways to develop and employ more labour, and looked forward honestly and with full justification to a little income in their old age, see their shares slumped and their dividends down at nil. Per £ of railway revenue dividends on ordinary shares have fallen from a modest 2s. 8d. to less than 3d. since 1913.

Yet, in face of the depreciated capital position of railways, in face of the deplorable position of many poor and aged shareholders, and in face of the intensified competi-

tion of road transport and travel, leaders pretending to stand for the welfare of railway workers talk about "strike action" if the small "cuts" of 1928-31 are not restored. That sort of talk, and the policy it represents, means reduced revenue, reduced employment and reduced wages on railways. It is bad for the railwaymen.

E. T. GOOD.

50, Norfolk Road, Sheffield, 2.

Secrets of Polichinelle—IV

SIR,—Who was the man unable to attend a peace conference at Stockholm during the Great War because the crew of the ship in which his passage was booked refused to sail with him and went on strike when he attempted to come aboard?

Did they say that their reason for doing so was not that they wished to keep him here, but because a German U-boat would be more suitable for such as he?

Did they explain that the reason they did not sling him into the dock was because, though the water in the dock was so dirty that anyone falling into it had more chance of being poisoned than drowned, that water was not half so foul as the traitor they would have flung into it?

RICHARD GLOVER.

Catholic Action

SIR,—There has been issued a Joint Pastoral Letter of all the Roman Catholic Bishops of England and Wales, on "Catholic Action." It has some very interesting implications, not for Catholics only, but for the general public. It puts forward a plan for the more effective co-operation of Catholic organisations in order—by "Watching the Press" and in other ways—"to mould public opinion."

There is one special feature of it which may cause serious anxiety.

A "National Board of Catholic Action, consisting of the Catholic Bishops of England and Wales," is to be set up, and will "guide and control" the activities of all Catholic organisations. In future, Catholic activity must be "only" under its "sanction and guidance." All lay Catholic activity must be "directed" by it.

There are several reasons for looking critically at a plan such as this. From the domestic point of view of lay Catholics themselves, is it wise to prohibit independent activity on their part? The proposed Episcopal Board will be immune from any lay criticism. It could raise political or other issues in the name of all Catholics, and, though in reality many might disagree, the avenues for expressing dissent would be closed. From the point of view of the general public, also, such a prospect is disquieting, as tending to some extent to produce a kind of episcopal *imperium in imperio*.

Clearly, a question of some public interest arises. I have reason for knowing that many Roman Catholics would welcome the growth in their ranks of a party which would assert the right of the laity to independent views on controverted matters. From the viewpoint of the general public, also, such a development would be beneficial.

J. W. POINTER.

106, Gillespie Road, Highbury,
London, N.5.

Licensing Tyrannies

SIR,—Your note under the above caption is most timely. There is a feeling abroad, now that the Government has legalised the summer-time extensions at seaside resorts, that freedom has been won. It has not. To meet the needs of all sections—residents, travellers and visitors—public houses should be allowed to remain open from early morning till at least 11 p.m., *Sundays included*.

D. M. GRUNER.

18, Stamford Hill Mansions, N.16.

THE NATIONAL PARTY

Following Lady Houston's trenchant letter to the Morning Post exposing the machinations of the creators of the "National" Government, this interesting letter from the Countess Bathurst was printed:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING POST

SIR,—Lady Houston is mistaken in thinking that the term "National Party" was invented by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Lord Snowden. There was a National Party started some 25 or 30 years ago by the late Mr. Leopold Maxse, proprietor of the *National Review*. It stood for protection, i.e., Tariff Reform as advocated by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. I suppose nobody will dispute that if his policy had been adopted then, we should not have found it necessary to put on such high duties now. It stood for national service.

This was before the War. All we advocated then has since come to pass. What we thought 30 years ago, England for the most part thinks to-day. At the time we were jeered at, and my husband was asked to resign his membership of the Carlton Club. The present so-called National Party stands for Socialism, Spoilation and Sentimentality. Let those who serve their country not for power or gain, not from hypocrisy, nor from that mistaken sentimentality which would see the workers reduced to helpless parasites from whom all self-respecting initiative has been taken, call themselves frankly—Tory. We shall, then know that they stand for all that is right in principle and practice.

L. BATHURST.

Bathurst House, Belgrave Square, S.W.

To which Lady Houston has replied:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING POST
THE UNGALLANT ONE HUNDRED

SIR,—I am very interested to learn from Countess Bathurst's letter that a National Party was started years ago by that splendid patriot, the late Mr. Leopold Maxse—proprietor of the *National Review*. For we who love England know that any party sponsored by him would assuredly uphold everything that the true meaning of the word National means—the honour, glory, dignity and safety of the Country.

But the present "National" Government, as Lady Bathurst truly says—stands only for Socialism, Spoilation and Sentimentality—and every Patriot will agree with her that those who serve their Country (not for ulterior motives, for power or gain) should boldly and proudly declare themselves Tory.

And if they would courageously and scornfully denounce the hundred men who have permitted

themselves to be bemused by the clap-trap and crocodile tears of that absurd anomaly—a Socialist leading a Conservative Party—they would be doing their country signal service.

For these hundred men actually boast of having signed a promise to betray the Conservative Party that put them in power by declaring they will only stand at the next General Election—for this Political Mixed Grill—euphemistically but falsely called a "National" Party, and thus bind themselves to trample on everything the Tory Party represents—and set up on high what is really Socialism.

But they have evidently learnt nothing from the recent By-Elections or they would know that the Country is deadly sick of all this humbug and is longing for Sincerity and Truth.

LUCY HOUSTON

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THE ONLY FOUNTAIN PEN
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British Merchant Seamen's WIDOWS

IF you feel for the widows of the men who served long years at sea, and who in many cases lost their lives through its perils, the Royal Alfred Seamen's Institution will gladly and gratefully act as your honorary almoner.

It has been the Society's privilege to act in such a capacity in the relief of 1,449 seamen's widows. Amongst the present 800 widow beneficiaries there is one who lost her husband and four sons in the wreck of one ship!

★ This appeal is made because of lack of funds—since the 1st of January last the Society has had to refuse urgently and worthily deserved aid asked for by more than 100 widows. Full particulars gladly given.

Please mark your gift 'WIDOWS' and send to Secretary,

ROYAL ALFRED

(Aged Merchant) Seamen's Instn.

55, FENCHURCH STREET, LONDON, E.C.3

Patron: H.M. THE KING.

Established 1867

Summer Stock Markets

[By Our City Editor]

THE holiday season has descended on Stock Markets with a vengeance and conditions are quieter than for some months past on the Stock Exchange. With the exception that activity has been curtailed there is not much change in the position though Courtaulds dealt a blow to the industrial market by declaring an unchanged interim dividend of $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. whereas at least 2 per cent. had been confidently expected. But Courtaulds, by price-cutting and increased production, are in process of eliminating once again some of the small competition that has revived and the company's dividend policy has always been a cautious one.

Gilt-edged have remained strong with War Loan well over 104, a level which even the Chancellor could not have expected this $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. stock to reach, and only gold-mining shares, of the recent favourites, have shown a reactionary tendency. This is entirely due to the large speculative position which had been built up and the Stock Exchange's unwillingness to accept further option issues which have been a feature of the recent mining capital offers.

The June trade figures show an excess of imports over exports for this country for the first six months of this year of £143,477,000; an increase over a year ago of £23,634,000 in the visible adverse trade balance. But the increase in imports is due to larger demands for raw materials, imports of foodstuffs having actually declined by £18,000,000 on the 1932 figures.

Furness Withy Results

After an uninterrupted dividend record dating back to 1893 the directors of Furness Withy and Co. recommend no dividend on the £6,000,000 of ordinary capital for the past year. Actually profits for the past year show little change from those from which a 3 per cent. dividend was paid a year ago, the amount being £378,165 against £379,674 for 1932-33, but £300,000 is allocated to depreciation compared with £200,000 a year ago and the balance carried forward is increased to £166,175. The dividend last year absorbed £135,000 so that this could have been paid again had no larger amount been allowed for depreciation. But, while it is a pity that the excellent dividend record should be broken, it is more surprising that dividends should have been paid throughout the depression when other concerns have found difficulty in meeting loan interest than that the directors should now find it necessary to conserve resources in view of the uncertain shipping outlook.

Zinc Corporation

The Zinc Corporation was able to secure sterling profits of £120,225 in the past year compared with £94,839 in the previous year owing to the increase in the tonnage treated and a further reduction in working costs, mine trading profit being £79,774 against £46,766 (Australian currency). The price of lead was actually lower on the average than in 1932, so that the improvement is entirely due to the efficient working. After payment of the fixed preference dividends two participating dividends totalling 1s. 3d. per share, against 6d. per share in 1932, are paid for the year.

Booth's Distilleries Big Sales

Lord Lurgan, Chairman of Booth's Distilleries, Ltd., was able to present a most satisfactory picture at the meeting of the company last week, for the profit for the past year of £60,959 showed an increase of some 56 per cent. on the previous year's figure. The company's principal product, Booth's Dry Gin, had shown a progressive increase over the whole of the year. The company had obtained its full share of the American export trade, the Chairman said, during the four months following the removal of prohibition and during a full year the trade should be correspondingly larger. The company has extended its business through the acquisition of other undertakings, including the well-known Sanderson's Vat 69 whisky. Lord Lurgan appealed to the Chancellor of the Exchequer to take his courage in both hands and reduce the excessive spirit duties from 72/6 to 50/-. Though he would lose during the first year, in succeeding years the Chancellor would acquire a larger revenue than at present.

Beechams Pills Profits

Beechams Pills, Ltd., made profits for the year of £264,343 against £248,030 for the previous year. Mr. Philip Hill, the Chairman of the Company, reported at last week's meeting, and this was after providing for their loss in the American and Canadian businesses, which he hoped would not recur. Beechams and its subsidiaries were now selling their products in nearly every part of the world and satisfactory profits had been shown everywhere with the exception of U.S.A. and Canada. Mr. Philip Hill mentioned that their sales for the first three months of the current financial year showed a substantial increase over the corresponding period of last year. Several new lines had been placed on the market and the St. Helens factory was being extended and reconstructed. Shareholders approved the proposal to consolidate the 1s. deferred shares into shares of 5s. each.

NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE

INSURANCE Co., Ltd. Total Funds exceed £45,378,000. Total Income exceeds £10,343,000

LONDON: 61, Threadneedle Street, E.C.2

EDINBURGH: 64, Princes Street

Broadcasting Notes

By Alan Howland

IT is astonishing how easy it is to overlook important landmarks in broadcasting. Anniversaries come and go unmarked save for a couple of dozen or so interviewers in the popular Press. I have only just awakened to the fact that Eric Maschwitz has completed his first year as director of light entertainment. Still it is not too late to make the *amende honorable* and say that, to me, at least it seems more like two years than one.

Unfortunately, I am not one of those people who believe that light entertainment has improved during the last twelve months. The Big Drive which we were promised last year has in my opinion been rather badly fozzled. The search for talent has not provided us with a single artist of whose existence we were not already aware. There have, of course, been new "acts," but so there were from time to time before Eric Maschwitz set out on his voyage of discovery. The experiment of persuading eight beautiful girls to dance on a piece of oilcloth in front of the microphone was one

which did not rouse me to any heights of enthusiasm.

I do not care two hoots who is "In Town To-night," and if one is to judge by the odds and ends who have graced this feature, they must be a pretty dull lot on most Saturday nights. Nor can I any longer rise even the feeblest of "Huzzah's" at the prospect of hearing a programme about Vienna, city of laughter, home of romance and dreamy waltzes. If I may borrow the method of a fellow radio critic I would say that it is last Strauss which breaks the camel's back.

Talent at a Discount

No, I do not believe that Mr. Maschwitz has earned the title of the "Cochran of broadcasting" with which he was tastefully invested by an interviewer. I will go further and say that I do not even believe that Mr. Maschwitz is working along the right lines. It is not a search for talent which is required but a search for material. At the present stage authors are more important than actors, lyric writers than close harmony sisters. Only a limited number of methods can be employed over the microphone and only a limited number of types of entertainment are suitable for broadcast treatment. The vital factor is the song and not the singer, the play and not the performer.

Eight years ago some really excellent Revues were written by Mr. Graham John, and later on some first-rate material came from the pen of Gordon McConnell. Mr. John, I believe, is no longer in this country and Mr. McConnell spends more time producing revues than writing them. There are authors clamouring for a hearing, but they clamour in vain. So much time is spent in searching for a new crooner or a one-legged sword swallower that the officials of the B.B.C. have not the leisure to read the manuscripts submitted to them.

Authors Must Live

The trouble is that authors have to live—even B.B.C. authors. They simply cannot afford to sit about for six months wondering whether their manuscripts are going to be considered "suitable." Consequently they give up the unequal struggle and seek other markets. Mr. Maschwitz is a very brilliant man. He can and does write plays, revues, film scenarios, and and murder stories, but if he is going to spend half his life in these pursuits I fail to see how his search for talent and his search for authors can be anything but a half-hearted one. Please, Mr. Maschwitz, spare us more of your time.

COMPANY MEETING

BEECHAMS PILLS, LIMITED A SATISFACTORY YEAR

The sixth ordinary general meeting of Beechams Pills, Ltd., was held on July 12 at the Hotel Metropole, Northumberland Avenue, London, W.C.

Mr. Philip E. Hill (the chairman) said: Ladies and gentlemen, the profits for the year are £264,343 8s. 4d., as compared with £248,030 18s. 8d. for the previous year, an increase of some £16,000 odd, after providing for the loss incurred in our American and Canadian businesses, which we hope will not recur. Beechams and its subsidiaries are now selling their products in nearly every part of the world, and satisfactory profits have been shown everywhere, with the exception of the United States of America and Canada. Our sales for the first three months of this financial year show a substantial increase over the corresponding period of last year.

We have placed several new lines on the market which have had an exceptionally favourable reception, but two of them, which are seasonal remedies, have not had as large a sale as was anticipated, owing to the mildness of the winter. Our advertising allocations during the year have been increased, and we continue to be one of the largest contributors to the Government in patent medicine duty—and these payments make very serious inroads on the profits available for distribution. Reviewing the year as a whole, it can only be regarded as satisfactory, and the future, in my opinion, definitely points to an expansion of sales and increased profits, in anticipation of which we are extending and reconstructing our factory at St. Helens.

You are asked to pass a resolution to-day to convert our 1s. Deferred shares into shares of 5s. each, the directors being satisfied that the conversion will be a popular one with the investing public.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

At subsequent meetings the necessary resolutions were passed to give effect to the proposals to consolidate the 1s. Deferred shares into shares of the denomination of 5s.

The proceedings terminated with a cordial vote of thanks to the chairman, directors and staffs of the company and the associated companies.

If your friends find difficulty in obtaining the *Saturday Review* from their newsgagents, ask them to send a postcard to The Publisher, *Saturday Review*, 18-20 York Buildings, Adelphi, W.C.2.

Screen Personality

By Mark Forrest

TWO of the new pictures this week contain a Tracy in them. Spencer is the star in "Looking for Trouble," which is at the Leicester Square, and Lee has the principal rôle in "I'll Tell the World," at the Capitol. Both of these actors have very definite personalities with which filmgoers should by now be thoroughly familiar, because Hollywood goes about the process of building up a leading man in an entirely different fashion from over here.

There they get a story to fit a person, here they try and get a person to fit a story. The weakness of the latter method is obvious. Very few of the film actors and actresses are actors and actresses in the true sense of the word. In the back stage comedies from America they call them "performing seals" and, if there is one thing which a seal does not do, it is to change its personality. Film stars, therefore, for the most part play themselves and, if their natures are appealing, they become popular favourites on the strength of them; but miscast them ever so slightly and the feet of clay are at once revealed.

"Looking for Trouble"

Similarly the two Tracys are always themselves, and the Hollywood executives as a rule take very great care that they should not step out of their skins in an attempt to try and play someone else. Of the two I prefer Spencer, but for all I know the majority may like Lee the better.

Spencer Tracy is very well served by the scenario writers in "Looking for Trouble." Here is an amusing story founded on the adventures of two "trouble-shooters" in the American telephone organisation. "Trouble-shooters" correspond to our breakdown gang, who, in the course of their work are constantly being brought into the private lives of people, who are strangers to them, but of whose confidential business they are made aware. In this film, owing to an instrument being reported out of order, Spencer Tracy finds that one of his mates, played by Morgan Conway, is not visiting his sick grandmother as he told him, but is spending the evening at a gambling house. While Tracy and Jack Oakie, who enjoys himself thoroughly in the part of his assistant, are repairing the line they overhear that a police raid is being organised. Morgan Conway gives the proprietor the tip, and Spencer Tracy, on his return, gets Morgan Conway the sack. Unfortunately for Spencer Tracy his young lady, in the person of Constance Cummings, sides with Conway.

From this spirited beginning the plot thickens with great rapidity and, though I was unprepared for the final dénouement which includes an earth-

quake, there isn't a dull moment in the whole business.

The telephone, also, plays a large part in Lee Tracy's vehicle "I'll Tell the World," but it is used here in a different fashion. As usual, Lee Tracy is a reporter who is sent upon seemingly impossible errands from which he returns triumphant, more by good luck than good management. This time the trouble starts with the attempted assassination of the Grand Duke Ferdinand and he follows the old man half over Europe to discover the reason for the vendetta. This turns out to be the hatching of a plot to restore the monarchy with the Grand Duke's daughter, played by Gloria Stuart, on the throne as queen. By falling in love with her Lee Tracy has the threads in his hands, but manages to miss his way every time—only to be rescued by good fortune and effrontery.

Two Bad Plays

By Russell Gregory

Whitehall Theatre. "Elizabeth Sleeps Out."

By Leslie Howard.

ELIZABETH ought to consider herself lucky. If I had known what was in store for me at the Whitehall Theatre I should have slept out too. As it was I had to sleep in, and stalls are uncomfortable mangers. During my waking moments I discovered that somebody was impersonating somebody else to the utter confounding of everybody on the stage and nobody in the audience, and that in the end it turned out that somebody else was impersonating him with complete success on one side of the footlights. As a matter of actual fact they were, of course, two entirely different people, which explained everything, and in the end he married the girl.

This recipe is always effective at charade parties, and no doubt if the entire audience had been half as drunk as two of the leading characters were supposed to be a good time would have been had by all.

Mercury Theatre. "Charlotte's Progress."

By Ashley Dukes.

The most important thing to realise about "Charlotte's Progress," whatever Mr. Ashley Dukes may say, is that it is not a play at all. It is a series of four sketches, three of them very poor ones and the remaining one very promising had it been written by a school prefect. Charlotte, in fact, did not progress at all. She was an impudent, unlikeable hussy who should have been soundly smacked before the curtain descended on Act I.

Why she descended upon her distant relative on the yacht "Calypso", why she absconded to an Alpine hut with his secretary, how she became entangled with that pudding Bruce and why she imagined that someone was being murdered when it was quite obvious that nothing of the sort was taking place, are questions which only Mr. Ashley Dukes can answer. The whole affair was made even more confusing and irritating by the author's determination to be clever-clever at all costs.

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford Street (Ger. 2981)

ROBERT LYNEN in

'POIL DE CAROTTE'

and René Clair's

'AN ITALIAN STRAW HAT' (U)